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WITH MR. HOOVER invading the East and Governor Smith the West, the beginning of the final phase of the campaign is at hand. At last the public is to be allowed to learn how the two chief candidates stand on other subjects than those discussed by them in their speeches of acceptance. For Governor Smith it is the crossing of the Rubicon. The election cannot be won for him by money nor by Mr. Raskob's organizing skill. It can only be won, if victory is to be achieved at all, by Governor Smith himself, his words and his winning personality. Such betting as there is remains at 2½ to 1 in favor of Mr. Hoover, and the odds have rarely been wrong. Meanwhile, the right honorable Charles Curtis has declared at Lexington, Kentucky, that while the tariff on farm products is an important remedy for putting the farmer "in a position of economic equality with other industries, the danger of undue reliance on the effectiveness of this method must be avoided." This is treason in the holy citadel. Has not Herbert Hoover said that an "adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief"? How can Mr. Curtis insinuate that such a foundation can be shaky? Moreover, the tariff miracle must never be questioned. No miracle ever can be. It is a miracle or it isn't. It heals or it does not. So Mr. Curtis has committed nothing short of a crime. Two other happenings are worth recording: Senator C. C. Dill of Washington, a useful Democratic legislator in Washington, has been renominated and in New Hampshire Senator Moses has received one of the several black eyes he deserves. His hand-picked nominee for the Governorship, Ora Brown, has been rejected by the Republican electorate in favor of Charles W. Tobey of the progressive wing of the party.

ALL AMERICANS OF GOOD WILL should heed the call for relief sent out by Governor Horace Towner of Porto Rico for the 700,000 victims of the great hurricane which swept over the Bahamas and Florida last week. It is in such moments of disaster that the United States has unprecedented opportunity to win the friendship of people who have regarded us with suspicion. The hurricane left unusual human misery in its narrow train because Porto Rico's territory is more densely populated than any other portion of the Western Hemisphere. There are 378 persons to the square mile in Porto Rico, ten times the average for continental United States. Moreover, Porto Rico's people are poor, so poor that the sufferings of Florida's victims can scarcely compare to the effect of the disaster in our island territory. Even in normal times it is estimated that there are five unemployed men for every job and that 99 per cent of the children cannot afford to have milk after their nursing days. The wealth of the island has passed largely into the hands of absentee American owners. For those who want to relieve human suffering and at the same time help the United States to play a new role in Porto Rico the suggestion will be sufficient that the address of the American Red Cross is 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

NO DISTRUST OF DEMOCRACY corrodes the minds of the happy citizens of Arkansas. On the contrary, Arkansawyers are so sure of the beneficence of majority rule that they are about to extend it from politics to science. While other communities are trying to judge the theory of evolution by investigation and reason, the citizens of Arkansas, taking a short snappy way to truth, will settle the theory of Darwin on Election Day by popular vote. At that time a proposition will be submitted to the voters to forbid the teaching of evolution in any State-supported educational institution. A bill for that purpose was brought before the Legislature in 1927, but the latter body, unlike that of Tennessee, did not pass the measure. Opinion in Arkansas seems to be divided as to the prospects of the proposition for success in a popular referendum. The religious leaders, consisting mainly of Fundamentalist Baptist and Methodist exhorters of the old hell-fire school, are for the law. The University of Arkansas and many business interests are against it, the latter fearing that the measure may lay the State open to hurtful ridicule. We hope enough ridicule will deluge Arkansas before Election Day so that there can be no question that the fears of business are well grounded.

THE AMERICAN LEGION IS BRANDISHING its sword again, this time in Nebraska. Its prospective victim is C. A. Sorensen of Lincoln, Republican candidate for Attorney General, and a leader in the campaign to abolish compulsory military training at the State university. Branding Sorensen as a pacifist, the Legion's committee on military affairs accused him of making unworthy claims for


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exemption from military service during the World War. Sorensen demanded the right to reply to the charges before the Legion's State convention but the demand was refused. Although he did not evade the draft during the war he was a passenger on Henry Ford's peace ship and a consistent opponent of war hysteria. Since then he has been an ardent Norris liberal, an opponent of the power interests, and manager of the Norris campaign for the Presidential nomination. For all these things the reactionaries of the State and the American Legion hate him, especially since he won the fight in the Republican primaries against a campaign of bitter denunciation. His victory in November will be a rebuke to the meddlesome leaders of the Nebraska American Legion and an encouragement in the campaign against compulsory militarism at the University of Nebraska.

WILL THE RHINELAND be evacuated by Christmas? Most Americans have forgotten that French troops still occupy Coblenz and Mainz, but the Germans, naturally, have not. Aristide Briand's Geneva speech gave the impression that even ten years after the Armistice France had no intention of giving up her hold on Germany's throat; but, having roared for the jingoes, he is ready to do a little negotiating on common-sense grounds. It is, it appears, just a matter of bargaining. France is ready to evacuate if she can exact a high enough price in return. And France and Germany, with the interested cooperation of the British, have been engaged in working out a plan which would provide evacuation to satisfy the Germans, lots of cash for the French, and throw the burden on the United States. The cables report that they think they have been successful. France is to evacuate within a few months, leaving only a "Commission of Conciliation" behind to supervise the neutral zones provided for in the Versailles treaty; she will also agree to a final fixation of the total of Germany's reparations debt, if the Germans can convince her that it will be possible to float some four billion dollars' worth of reparations and "industrial" bonds in the international market—chiefly, of course, in the United States. Of this sum $500,000,000 is to be floated at once—more than enough to enable the French to pay what they owe the United States for war supplies. The French say that they are willing to reduce the number of German annuities paid to parallel the payment of the inter-Allied debts due the United States. Will Washington continue its solemn insistence that reparations and the debts have nothing to do with each other?

FISTS, BOOTS, CLUBS, AND GUNS were used by Pittsburgh police and reactionary officials of the United Mine Workers to smash the convention of insurgent miners which was called on September 9 at the Pittsburgh Labor Lyceum to form a new national union in the coal fields. Altogether it was one of the bloodiest and most disgraceful affairs that has occurred in this country since the Red raids of Mitchell Palmer's days. Left-wing miners, including some Communists, called a convention and notified Pittsburgh's Director of Public Safety ten days in advance of their intention, but no permit for the meeting was forthcoming. Members of the Lewis machine of the United Mine Workers, organizing an opposition group to storm the convention, picketed the Labor Lyceum at the opening session and attacked their Left-wing rivals. Although Pennsylvania police have been noted for their ruthlessness in breaking up mass picketing, this time they were not in evidence until rioting had continued for some time. When they finally arrived they arrested not the original assailants but the men who had been assailed and the leaders of the convention. Of the 138 men arrested 128 were insurgents. Two truckloads of insurgents arriving at the convention after the rioting took place were arrested in a body. Horace B. Davis of Amherst College, who was an eye witness of the affair, writes us: "The police made no serious attempt to prevent trouble at the Labor Lyceum. They allowed people peacably assembling to be attacked and then arrested them for rioting."

NOT ALL OF PITTSBURGH approved the police tactics. A committee of prominent citizens rounded up by representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union protested vigorously to Director of Safety Clark. The Pittsburgh *Press*, a Scripps-Howard paper, demanded freedom of assembly for all minorities. Under pressure the authorities yielded, the deportation of radical delegates from the city was halted, and those in jail were released on payment of small fines. But the harm had been done. Those delegates who were not in jail had hurriedly adjourned to a neighboring town where they held a small session, elected officers for a new national union, and started to plan an organizing campaign; there they were again raided by the police, this time by the deputy sheriffs of Allegheny county. They broke up in confusion, and when the police of Pittsburgh finally announced that they would be allowed to meet in that city, the delegates had gone home. The whole incident underscores the fact which was revealed in the steel strike and in recent coal strikes that in Pennsylvania the constitutional guaranties of free speech and free assembly are worthless; city and State police pay no attention to them. Meanwhile the new national miners' union, cradled in violence, faces an almost hopeless task. The industry is overmanned and the miners have been on strike for a year and a half. It will be a miracle if anything permanent or constructive comes out of the Pittsburgh convention.

WANTED—ONE COLLEGE PROFESSOR, Southerner, Protestant, and Ph.D. preferred; must be a good mixer, a man of sound business ideals, and a two-fisted fighter who can stamp out the fool notions of the labor agitators that are getting into the heads of our college students. The cotton manufacturers of Georgia did not use these words at their recent conference on industrial relations in Atlanta, but they might just as well have used them. They voted to establish a chair of social engineering at some leading Georgia college for research work in the field of industrial problems. The proposal sounds innocent enough, but these same manufacturers have steadily resisted previous attempts to disclose conditions in Georgia mills and have stoutly defended their eleven-hour day, twelve-hour night, and average weekly wage of less than $12. Now when they imitate the power interests and seek to establish their own professorship, we hope that the colleges of Georgia will be on their guard. The cotton manufacturers have already exerted too much pressure upon Georgia schools. A cotton manufacturer is Governor of the State. "Georgia Tech" boycotted a progressive speaker who had exposed mill conditions, after he was attacked by the *Manufacturers' Record*. Emory University, which is probably the most progressive school in the State, recently prevented a professor from engaging in

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an active campaign against the long working day in the mills. No one can prevent Georgia colleges from accepting a subsidy from the mill owners for any purpose which the trustees desire, but the academic world is entitled to know the fact, the name of the subsidized professor, the method of his choice, and the conditions of his tenure. In the interests of academic decency *The Nation* proposes to publish these facts concerning any choice which the Georgia mill owners make. We believe that a purchased article should bear its price-tag on the outside.

THE MATERIAL SUCCESS of the New York *Times* under the ownership and management of Adolph S. Ochs continues to be amazing. A broadside gives the latest facts. Its gross income in 1927 was $27,424,829.55 and its weekly payroll $154,246.98. It used up just under 100,000 tons of paper in 1927 and 4,491,593 pounds of ink. No less than 3,319 employees produced the daily which has grown in average circulation since 1896, when Mr. Ochs took hold, from 21,516 to 405,707 in 1928, with a Sunday circulation of 700,925. During the same period its advertising has increased from something more than two millions of agate lines a year to nearly thirty millions. The newspaper receives 100,000 words of news a day by cable, radio, and telegraph, at an annual cost of $500,000. It owns real estate assessed at $5,984,000, and is half owner of a paper mill in Ontario which produces 550 tons of newsprint a day and is capitalized at $370,000,000. No less than 4,700 square miles are covered by the plant's timber-rights and over fifty miles of private railroad are used to haul spruce to the mill. Of the *Times's* total capital stock of $16,000,000, $1,000,000 common was issued as a bonus in 1896; the rest, all 8 per cent preferred, was issued as dividends in 1920, 1924, and 1927. Few other papers in America, if any, can make as good a showing. As a business success it is colossal. If only its editorial ideals and policies had progressed in the direction of genuine, fearless liberalism, like those of the Manchester *Guardian*, the *Times* would today be not only a great newspaper but a great organ of enlightened public opinion.

IF FOREIGN POLICY plays a minute role in the political campaign, it still assumes a growing importance in the American consciousness. The amazing spread of the institute habit is evidence enough. Williamstown's Institute of Politics in its eight years' life has become a forum of international reputation, and the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia this summer ran it a close second in public interest. But at Lubbock, Texas, earlier in the year a Conference on International Relations and Foreign Policy discussed similar questions, in the Northwest an Institute of International Relations held its sessions on the campus of the University of Washington, while Chicago had its Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation Institute for the Study of International Relations, and Iowa's Sixth Commonwealth Conference gave a large share of its attention to foreign affairs. Discussions at all these institutes, we hear, were keen and informed; and the attendants were largely men and women whose time is not lightly sacrificed to such meetings. The radiating influence of the Foreign Policy Association and its luncheon-debates, now held regularly in more than a dozen cities, may make itself felt on a larger scale in these institutes. They have a tendency, still, to play stupidly safe; although Williamstown listened to a German Nationalist this summer, which marked a pretty complete recovery from the world-war psychosis. All these institutes seem to fear looking upon Asia through nationalist Asian eyes, and not one of them, so far as we are aware, has yet been able to stand the shock of a real Russian Bolshevik.

THE LATE WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE was one of the few American scholars of distinction who contrived to go through the period of the World War without losing his head. A Leipzig Ph.D., and for two years secretary to George Bancroft, American Minister at Berlin, he knew Germany at first hand as a young man, and carried into his work as historian and teacher the high standards of scholarship which as a student he had seen exemplified by Mommsen and Droysen. When the war came on he refused, quietly and with dignity, to surrender to the hysteria which swept the American professoriate, and while feeling no call to join with those who became aggressive champions of Germany, nevertheless retained his sanity in the face of the tumult and the shouting of Allied spokesmen and a subservient Allied press. For this not a few of his colleagues in the historical fraternity affected to regard him with suspicion or contempt, and more than one hostile comment was passed about in circles that did not quite dare to speak out openly. He was already, and again to his credit, somewhat under a cloud with certain of the dry-as-dusts because in his writings, notably in his great "'Napoleon Bonaparte: A History," he had had the temerity to give to the fruits of learning an attractive literary form. It is gratifying to remember that in 1920, when the president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, William Dean Howells, died, the succession was devolved without question upon Professor Sloane, and that much of the success of that organization, of which he had been an honored member from the beginning, was due to his devotion, his winning personality, and his high ideals.

MEXICO MOURNS NOT TWO HEROES, but three: the chieftain Obregon, the flyer Carranza, and the poet Diaz Mirón. Salvador Diaz Mirón as an artist was legitimately placed high in modern Spanish letters; as a man he belonged, with Obregon, to a passing Mexican tradition—the romantic, heroic, unquenchable, and stubborn "bad man" with ready laugh and ready gun. Throughout his lifetime Diaz Mirón, articulately an idealist, quarreled for his ideals. He duelled over women, he duelled over politics. In the "Diaz days" he served more than one prison term for a hasty word or a hasty shot, or for a deliberate and serious rhyme. As a member of the Chamber of Deputies he roared so loudly and flourished his pistol so frequently that even Diaz flattered instead of executing him. At the end of his days he sighed a little, and wondered if after all patriotic ideals were worth the trouble. But he growled as vigorously as ever over the one thing that to him was always worth the trouble, and this was the making of a perfect poem. In careful, rich, and finely polished Spanish he set forth his credo, like himself a Mexican tradition, postulating as of highest value three heroisms: the heroism of thought, the heroism of emotion, and the heroism of expression:

> Tres heroismos en conjunción:
> El heroismo del pensamiento
> El heroismo del sentimiento
> Y el heroismo de la expresión.

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# Should Liberals Vote for Smith?

WE are not deeply stirred by the announcement that the newly formed committee of Progressives who supported Senator La Follette in 1924, headed by Frank P. Walsh, will deliver the La Follette vote to Governor Smith. Progressives are not deliverable in bulk. Moreover, they are as confused by the issues and the personalities of this campaign as are all other thinking persons. Elsewhere we print a letter from Professor Edward Mead Earle, of Columbia University, who declares that intolerance and bigotry are the controlling issues in this campaign, but to others there are far more important questions, notably that of prohibition, and whether Tammany Hall shall be allowed to enter the White House in the person of Governor Smith. We are impressed by the large number of persons who would normally vote for the Governor who are influenced, in New York City at least, by their own personal contact with Tammany Hall and their experience of the kind of government it has given to New York. To others the instability of Mr. Hoover and his contradictory attitude in foreign affairs, are the controlling factor in the situation. The editors of *The Nation* are frank to admit that it is many years since they have found it as difficult to take a definite position. Upon one point they are agreed: No Progressive or Liberal ought to vote for Herbert Hoover, and no one who voted for Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson in 1912 can support Mr. Hoover without doing violence to the convictions which led him to champion either of the 1912 candidates. Both Roosevelt and Wilson in that year, as we must once more remind our readers, declared that the sole issue of the campaign was the overthrowing of the great capitalists who were the masters of America, Roosevelt denouncing both the old parties as being so controlled by capitalists and political bosses as to be of no value to the American people. Mr. Hoover stands in this contest for the old order.

We have lost confidence in Mr. Hoover's intellectual integrity. He declares that he stands squarely on Mr. Coolidge's record, which he lauds to the sky. Thereby he forfeits every right to be considered a progressive, for, during the Coolidge Administration of which he has been a part, the powers denounced by Wilson and Roosevelt have gone further toward mastering the government, notably the several commissions created to defend the interests of the people against the raids of business privilege, than ever before. The highest claim put forth for Mr. Hoover is that he is a good business man, and an able executive. The hour does not call for a man of that type. The country needs a leader with soul and vision, one less interested in increasing the average income of the American and in the efficiency of business than in putting back into our national life some of that social and national and international idealism which has departed from it since Mr. Wilson put the country into war. Mr. Hoover's Newark speech, preaching a provincial tariff system, "the gospel of American progress," and "the ideal of distributed contentment" is the depressing product of an engineer turned party politician. As for his attitude on prohibition, that is mere fustian. He has been part of two administrations which made no really honest effort to enforce the Volstead Law.

As for Governor Smith, he is the most outspoken old-party candidate since 1912. He has stood by his guns as a Wet. His is an engaging and winning personality; he is an admirable administrator, and we should rather have him make over the Supreme Court, as the next President must, than Herbert Hoover. He has given, in office and in his acceptance speech, notable evidences of a trend to progressiveness. Furthermore, the bigoted and snobbish attacks upon him have, as Mr. Earle points out, made him a sort of symbol of tolerance in American life—racial, religious, and social tolerance, accepting into the American family the city-dwellers who have come to us within the last century. But his program everywhere stops short of firing the blood of a true progressive. He does not go the whole distance on water power; he does not use the words "government operation," which are the crux of the problem; he does not say that he will take corrupt big business by the throat as Wilson promised to do. The millionaires who are flocking to him ostensibly because he is an honest Wet would not do so did they not feel sure that he is satisfactorily safe and sane. He is still the Tammany sachem who glories in that office and believes in that accursed institution against which stand charged a century of corruption, misgovernment, and uncalled-for human misery in the city of New York, although he can rightfully claim that he has kept Tammany corruption out of his State Administration. He does not promise to disarm the country, though he has most admirably pledged himself to abstain from intervention in Mexico. Most important of all, he cannot make over the Democratic Party if he is elected, for that party is an even more hopeless conglomerate of absolutely diverse and discordant elements than it was in the days of Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, neither of whom could wholly dominate it. Governor Smith, if elected, will give to the party temporarily a new life when it ought to die and give way to a genuinely progressive one. It has in this campaign thrown over the Wilson European program and abandoned its historic position on the tariff. There is little in its program and professions to differentiate it in any respect from the Republcan Party. To vote for Smith is to choose the better of the two candidates, but the candidate of a party which seems hopeless. It is precisely because the American people allow themselves quadrennially to be put in this position that we make no more headway toward an honest party, toward a realignment with a clear division between liberalism and conservatism, between the privileged and the non-privileged..

There remains the Socialist Party. For its candidate, whom we are proud to list as one of our contributing editors, we have the highest regard. In personality and platform he comes closest to the principles for which *The Nation* stands. We are sorry for him that the menace of Hooverism will weigh so heavily with progressives that many thousands who admire Norman Thomas, and would like to make him the medium of their protest against the two old and rotten parties, feel today that they must once more support a Democratic candidate. We respect their position, though we can similarly understand those who even though non-Socialists will vote this year for Mr. Thomas,

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not deterred therefrom by the cry that they will be throwing away their vote.

Eight years ago *The Nation* urged its readers to cast their votes either for Eugene V. Debs, candidate of the Socialist Party, or for Parley P. Christensen, of the Farmer-Labor Party. To vote for Harding or for Cox in the hope of progress from either, it declared, would be to throw away one's vote. Four years ago it supported Robert M. La Follette for President, believing that he expressed American progressivism and that about him was gathering the nucleus of a new party, founded upon the interests of the city workers and the farmers and definitely opposed to the system which has entrenched Big Business in the capitol at Washington. What we wrote in 1920 and in 1924 seems to us true today, although the immediate prospect for progressives is less rosy. The two old-party organizations are hopeless; hope lies in the crystalization of the spirit which Shipstead of the Farmer-Labor Party, Berger of the Socialists, Wheeler and Dill of the Democrats, and La Follette, Norris, and others of the Republican Party have expressed in Washington. The five million citizens who voted for La Follette in 1924 are still here, and some day that new progressive party will arise. The editors of *The Nation* are agreed that the formation of such a party is still the crying need of American politics; but the question whether the voter can this year best contribute to that end by voting for Norman Thomas or for Al Smith they leave to the individual conscience of each progressive voter.

# Gearless Automobiles?

A DISPATCH from London brings the news that the inventor of a gearless car has triumphantly driven one group of press correspondents after another through the heaviest traffic in London and, apparently, has convinced them that his invention is a success. It is represented that he has spent years in achieving his results, and laid out $100,000 of his own funds. It is, of course, not strictly speaking a gearless car that he has produced. The cabled descriptions are too vague to give one a clear idea of the mechanism, but what he has done is to transfer the gear-shifting operation from the driver of the car to the machinery, so that the driver is left free to devote his exclusive attention to the wheel, the brake, and the gas pedal. If this becomes universal, the ordinary driver will never again be worried by shifting gear on a hill; beginners will not mess up traffic by stalling their cars or making the wrong shift, and there will be complete automatic flexibility of action. If this really works out, it is obvious that the inventor will not only recover his $100,000, but should reap an enormous reward for his patience and ingenuity.

This is, of course, not the first time that the announcement has been made that gear-shifting had been done away with. Many of our readers will doubtless recall the Owen magnetic car which purported to do the gear-shifting by electricity controlled by buttons on the wheel. It seemed most promising and technically correct, but it was only a short time before the car joined the large number of automobiles of promise which have gone out of existence, among them, curiously enough, some of the earliest and apparently most successful. The Stanley Steamer was another effort not only to avoid the use of gasoline, but to develop a car which should be entirely flexible in traffic and controlled only by the hand of the operator. It was a marvelous automobile for hill climbing and speed, and for years it enjoyed prosperity sufficient to absorb all the product of its factory. But its cars were ugly and not in keeping with public needs, the danger of the pilot light was never overcome, and the huge boiler could be injured entirely too easily. Even at that the car could have been kept alive had there been progressive management at the head of the company.

There will, of course, be two opinions in regard to the new invention. There will be those to groan at the increasing ease with which cars may be speeded—a further incentive to reckless driving. On the other hand, with the driver able to concentrate his attention on the actual direction of the car, and able to keep both hands on the wheel at all times, the new device should make for safety. It is, of course, true that the tremendous development of the motor car has made the shifting of gear far less important than in the early days of this epoch-making invention. Hills are no longer the obstacle that they were, and the flexibility and power of the modern engine is so vastly superior to the models, let us say, of 1912, as to make driving an entirely different affair. With automatic gear control there will be few who will not be able to drive with comfort and ease.

As a matter of fact, the progress of the modern automobile never stops. The four-cylinder succeeds the two, the six the four, and the eight the six. The $2,000 car of today is the equal of the $5,000 car of a few years ago. Many engines are practically fool-proof, and require no attention except to oil and gas. Paradoxically, however, the finest car of all, the Rolls-Royce, continues to require the most careful attention and incessant work if it is to be kept in condition to do its best. The life of tires, too, has been revolutionized; a run of 8,000 miles without a puncture is a not uncommon thing. In the early days, if a car's shoes lasted 2,000 miles it was something to boast about to friends and neighbors; a blowout before 1,000 miles was considered inevitable. We look forward to other radical changes besides the elimination of gear-shifting.

# Hollywood Speaks

THREE new mechanical marvels—television, color cinematography, and talking movies—broke into the headlines almost simultaneously. Ultimately each may figure as conspicuously in the every-day life of the American citizen as the radio has come to do; the last already has its place on Broadway. We, however, should have learned before now that invention is not always an unmixed blessing and there are good reasons for doubting that either the moving-picture industry or the general public has cause to be glad that the irrepressible technician has at last succeeded in teaching shadows to talk. Edison let us in for a good deal when he made the movies possible by bringing the perforated film and the "star and camb" sprocket wheel together, but his ingenious contrivance assaulted only one of the five senses; only the imagination can guess what the ear may henceforward be compelled to endure.

The stock if not the earnings of the Warner Brothers corporation (owners of the Vitaphone patents) has gone soaring, but Hollywood sees only trouble ahead for an industry which was doing very nicely indeed before the

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new invention threatened complications which cannot possibly be solved for a long time to come. If the "movies" should actually be replaced by the "talkies" it would mean, first, that the international market upon whose existence the real prosperity of the industry depends would of necessity be destroyed and, second, that an entirely new technique of production would have to be evolved.

The stars of the screen do not know how to speak and the scenarists do not know how to write dialogue. Nor can the latter difficulty be overcome by the purchase of successful dramas. Plays intended for the stage cannot be photographed as written for the simple reason that the narrative form of the movies with its rapid changes of scene is entirely different from that of the stage where events are revealed in a different order and where everything that is represented to the eye takes place in only two or three places. Adaptation involves a retelling of the story in such a way that, for instance, many things merely reported on the stage are acted out in the cinema, and this means that the stage dialogue is unsuitable for a talking movie. Actually to prepare a play for the talking movies requires a rewriting almost as complete as that involved in the dramatization of a novel and even after the technique for doing so has been perfected the mere time required will be very much greater than is now needed for the preparation of a simple narrative sequence without words.

Nor is it, on the other hand, pleasant to imagine what the public will be called upon to endure. Silence imposed certain definite and very fortunate limitations upon the silliness of cinemetographic dramas. The infantile sentimentality and abysmal vulgarity of those who make them expressed itself only in gestures and they suffered from a blessed inability to suit the word to the action. Occasional sub-titles gave us a hint of what they would have said had they been able, and the memory of this hint is far from reassuring. Moderately literate people shuddered and even the naivest audiences frequently tittered when the intelligence and the taste behind a silent drama was suddenly revealed in the words of a caption. What will the movies be like when every gesture is accompanied by some audible "came the dawn"?

It is a notorious fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the original stories written for the movies are artistically upon the level of the cheapest magazine fiction and that an equal proportion of those based upon other works are reduced to the same level in the course of the process of adaptation. The mechanical perfection of the cinema already furnishes the most violent contrast to its artistic immaturity and the makers of the photo-play can already say more completely than they ought to be able that they know nothing which is worth the saying. The last ten or fifteen years has shown so little improvement in any important direction that there is no good reason for hoping that any such improvement would ever take place, but at least it may reasonably be maintained that under the circumstances every limitation was an advantage and that to accord them a new means of expression before they had begun to make any good use of those which they had is to curse them with a new curse.

Each new mechanical contrivance is greeted in the newspapers by some editorial writer who recalls the first message sent across telegraphic wires: "What hath God Wrought?" Each time it is used the question seems less and less a rhetorical one.

# Business Superstitions

AN American business man will tell you that he is individualistic, hard-headed, unemotional, and a worshiper of facts and figures. There are certain signs, however, in Presidential years that show that he may be highly sensitive, not to say supersitious. In each of the twelve election years since 1880, for example, the curve of general business activity has dipped sharply during the spring and summer months. This occurred regardless of the prevailing business conditions in those years. And since the dip was more pronounced than the normal slackening up of business in the summers of other years, it reveals a hesitant and apprehensive attitude on the part of industrial leaders during campaign years.

It has been the pet doctrine of both Republican and Democratic partisans that business men are nervous because they fear a change of political parties in the White House. The ease and effectiveness with which this argument can be used by the Republicans in office—and similarly by the Democrats—makes it popular with both parties. A survey of business conditions made by Editorial Research Reports since 1880 reveals that the various cycles ran their courses without much regard to the changes of administration or legislative control in Washington. From 1880 to 1896 wholesale commodity prices declined almost steadily, while wages rose slowly and steadily throughout the whole period—with a slight setback in 1894 and 1895. Again from 1915 to 1927 practically all the general indexes of prosperity showed a vertical rise with a sudden drop in 1921. Obviously, these changes were not due to any legislation enacted by Congress or to policies pursued by a Democratic or a Republican President. In this connection it is also interesting to note that there were business depressions in the United States during the campaign years 1884, 1900, 1908, 1920, with closely corresponding conditions at the same times in England, France, and Germany. To assume that the Presidential election caused the recession in these years in the United States would be to assume that the election influenced business in the other nations as well.

In a few specific elections, it is true, the economic issues at stake may have caused a temporary tension in the business world. The bitter attack of Cleveland on the protective tariff in the campaign of 1888 undoubtedly scared the vested interests and influenced considerably the business decline. And again the "sound-money" issue between Bryan and McKinley in 1896 caused a great strain in the money market. But violent fights on tariff or money are out of style today, and no similar economic issues have taken their place. Such changes as either party might make in the tariff, while frequently having an important bearing on individual industries, are greatly overestimated as factors in national prosperity. In the opinion of Charles O. Hardy, one of the few authorities who even mention the influence of politics in connection with business cycles: "The popular view enormously exaggerates the business significance of national elections. Except when the question of peace or war arises, comparatively few businesses are greatly affected by such changes of national policy as follow the success of one or the other of the leading parties." It is time for the business man to quiet his nerves and forget his superstitions about Presidential elections.

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# It Seems to Heywood Broun

POOR unfortunate Bobby Jones! The tragic situation of this young man should rouse the pity of all golfers. Unfortunately nothing more tangible than pity, or some kindred emotion, is within our power. In the words of the ballad: "We can't give you anything but love, Bobby." Last week he stood lonely as any Alexander upon the twenty-seventh green and the match had already ended. Jones has become so good that his opponents no longer carry him far enough to constitute a brisk walk. In coming to the final round Bobby beat Beck 14 up and 13 to play. And Finlay fell at 13 and 12. In other words Bobby Jones had a margin of thirty-seven holes in his last three matches for the championship. It was his fourth amateur title within five years.

It seems to me entirely reasonable to maintain that the young man from Georgia is not to be envied. All the golfing commentators inform us that he is a sportsman of the highest type. As such he can hardly enjoy the fact that his victories come so easily and by so wide a margin. Such triumphs can hardly be more thrilling than shooting chickens in a hen-coop. The stirring excitement of a close encounter is practically unknown to Jones. Only in little eighteen-hole jaunts is his supremacy ever threatened.

In the beginning it must have been that Bobby loved the game of golf. He began to play while still a youngster and he was good enough for tournaments while yet in short trousers. But those were the days before the blight of constant victory had fixed its icy grip about him. Upon some small foundation the legend grew that Jones was a lad much given to tantrums. History records that once or twice he said things and there is also a rumor that when sorely tried he might hurl his clubs about in anger. At least there is no doubt that in the days of his youth Bobby played golf with passion.

And no game is worth while unless it can enlist some fragment of that spirit. It is well enough to work and fight and love with a certain detachment, but in play a man must give his heart as well as back and shoulders. After the downfall of Napoleon some ex-Etonian cricketer might well have mourned because he could no longer perform in the game with all his old-time skill and fire. And he might well have remarked to some group of fellows also grown slack and seedy: "We lost that match upon the battlefield of Waterloo."

In fact many morals may be drawn from the sad predicament of Bobby Jones. He has succeeded in reducing to an absurdity the American passion for efficiency. In all the magazines and newspapers advertisements scream at us and urge improvement. We are asked in forceful language to become masters of public oratory, of French, and banjo playing. But what shall it profit a man if he becomes so good that he can no longer enjoy contacts with the average folk who fill the land and are not to be in any way avoided? As a child my parents and mentors tried to keep me away from the highly interesting stories written by Horatio Alger, Jr. These books, they said, were trash and would spoil my taste for good literature. Although a dutiful child, I did not obey this particular injunction wholly. My intuition in the matter was more wise than the parental theory. If I were one tuned only to receive the words of the great in poetry and fiction, most evenings with books would be a little dreary. Not once in ten years, or maybe twenty, would a new novel appear to which I could commit my attention and enthusiasm. As it is I suffer trash quite gladly and, like any statesman or captain of industry, I can sit down and while the nights away with a good detective story.

One of the triumphs achieved by Bobby Jones seems to me to increase sterility of spirit. All sporting writers go in quite a bit for morals, and they have pointed out that not only has the young golfer conquered every competitor but he has also won complete mastery over himself. No longer do the clubs or cuss words fly, no matter where a shot may land him. Which means that Jones has become a machine completely. Both his drives and his emotions go always in a straight line. At twenty-four the man is a myth, a superman, a legend. He is one of the gods and should always play with that other Olympian, Par, the son of Colonel Bogey. But even in that there is not much fun for Bobby because he can beat Par almost as readily as flesh and blood opponents.

Golf, of course, means far more to me than it does to Jones. When I stand upon the first tee and nervously waggle a wooden club, a world of potentialities lies before me. A slice is possible or a hook. The chances of topping the ball are excellent. At times I hit behind it. It is not wholly unknown to swing and miss entirely. The entire course is my oyster. By no means am I restricted to the middle of the fairway assigned to the first hole. There is always the possibility that the shot may go off sharply at a tangent and land in the lake which guards the eighteenth green.

Very possibly I suffer more during any given round than would an expert. But there is no pleasure without pain. A straight drive of one hundred and eighty yards, a mashie pitch for Bobby, is enough to make the entire afternoon a day of joy as far as I'm concerned. No single shot can do as much for Jones. He knows almost precisely where the ball will go when he steps up to hit it. Of course there is upon occasion some slight deviation from the plan, but generally it is not enough to notice. Golf in the case of Jones takes on a deadly monotony. He whales the ball a mile and then he takes an iron and pops it up to the green close to the cup. The only issue is whether or not he can hole the putt. And so it seems hardly worth his while to tramp over hills and down the valleys. He might as well linger on the clubhouse lawn and amble round the clock course.

Jones will never know, as I do, how beautiful are the wild flowers which grow deep in the rough. He has not seen closely the glory of autumn foliage in expeditions into the primeval forest in the search for slices. And I have gone down into gullies and lakes and even through the window of a quaint New England dwelling. If some magician could give me entire the game of golf as played by Bobby Jones I would not take it. Still maybe I could be persuaded to accept his driving and his iron play. And perhaps I would take over his putting, too, but only every other week-end.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# Curtis's Oily Hands

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

SENATOR CHARLES CURTIS'S son is an attorney for Harry F. Sinclair. He got the job, through his father's influence, about the time Teapot Dome began erupting, the job consisting of making a saving to the Sinclair company in its income taxes. While drawing a salary from Sinclair, young Curtis took an active part in getting the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination for his father at the Kansas City convention.

The Senator himself either is or has been, by virtue of his holdings in Sinclair stock, a partner in Sinclair's business dealings, honorable and otherwise. Curtis is a long-time close personal and political friend of Sinclair, and for many years has ridden into office on money furnished by the oil owner. He thus stands heavily indebted to Sinclair (provided he has not, by his official acts in Washington, already paid off the debt).

Why Sinclair has gone out of his way to befriend the Senator, what payment he has exacted in return, and how the Senator, though singed in the Teapot Dome investigation, escaped the holocaust, is left to the imagination. A vivid imagination is not needed.

Sinclair (some of you may recall) several years ago corrupted a sizable portion of a federal administration in order that he might rob the nation of its oil reserves, and later wiped out the Republican Party's deficit with a part of his profits in that deal. Knowing that some evil-minded persons might misconstrue Harry's generous motives in employing the son of the Senate floor-leader and Vice-Presidential candidate, I thought the only fair thing to do was to go to this son and find out the truth.

I wrote the city editor of Arthur Capper's paper in Topeka and asked for the son's address. No response. It appeared that the young man was somewhere in Chicago. I searched for the name Harry K. Curtis in the Chicago Bar Association directory and in the Chicago telephone directory. No results. The only Harry K. Curtis listed in the city directory was denominated a painter at 2347 North Clark Street, and I felt that he wouldn't quite fill the bill. I appealed to the Sinclair offices, and learned that Mr. Curtis was on the pay roll there, but repeated telephone calls brought the information that he was "not in." Finally I located him in the expensive Lincoln Park West apartment hotel, and made arrangements to meet him.

At the executive offices of the Sinclair Refining Company, McCormick Building, 332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Mr. Curtis greeted me with cordiality even if without manifest enthusiasm. I found him to be a rather large man in his middle or late thirties—a ruddy-faced, hearty man, with unmistakable evidences of his Indian ancestry.

Yes, he said, he was Senator Curtis's son and he was connected with the Sinclair interests. But this connection dated back to 1909, when, as a youth just out of high school, he left his home in Topeka and went to Independence, Kansas, there to work for the Sinclair boys, Harry and Earl, in the First National Bank. His father and Harry were old friends, and Sinclair always had taken a personal interest in the boy. The elder Curtis was serving his first term in the Senate at the time.

From Independence young Curtis went to the University of Michigan, and from there, after he had been graduated from the College of Law, he went to Detroit, where he opened a general practice in 1914. Three years later, following the passage of the income-tax law, he began to specialize in taxation matters, and in 1921 entered the service of the government as a tax expert in charge of the St. Louis office. At that time Sinclair had nobody handling the legal end of the work of preparing his tax returns.

In July, 1923, young Curtis received a wire offering him a position supervising the making of these returns for the Sinclair company. He accepted. His job then became a matter of checking up on the legal aspects of virtually all of the company's taxation.

"Was the wire from Mr. Sinclair himself?" I asked.

"It seems to me it was—either from him or from Mr. Stanford, general counsel," he replied.

"Well, then, was the initiative taken by your father, or by Mr. Sinclair, in getting you a job with the Sinclair people?" was my next question.

"Mostly by Mr. Sinclair," he answered. "I don't think father had a whole lot to do with it."

I let that "whole lot to do with it" pass, and asked another question.

"That was about the time the Teapot Dome case was starting, wasn't it?"

"The lease had been signed in April of that year," he answered. "The investigation hadn't yet started, but"—he added naively—"we saw it coming."

I let that pass also.

After La Follette, Walsh, Norris, and other Senatorial "busybodies" had started prying into the leasing of the Wyoming naval reserve, which thereupon was to take its niche in the Hall of Fame, the young man conferred with his father on the advisability of keeping his job. He asked the Senator if the latter wished him to sever his connection with Sinclair. The Senator made no such request, but advised that, since he (the Senator) was in politics, it would be better if the son had no dealings with the government on behalf of his employer. So the son moved to Chicago and became one of Sinclair's district attorneys.

"My work here consists of drawing leases, answering questions in case of dispute with customers, going over contracts, and engaging in general corporation practice," he told me. "The country is divided into several districts, and there are one or more such attorneys for each. There are four of us in Chicago. My salary is the same as that of each of the others. I have nothing to do with the government. I try to stay away from it; in fact, I do stay away."

I had been told that Mr. Curtis's duties were only nominal; that he was drawing a large salary for doing virtually nothing, that he appeared in court almost never, was not known to others of his profession in my home city, and that the real reason for his employment by Sinclair was all too obvious. But he was so earnest and so able in his presentation of the case in behalf of the worthiness of his job, that I did not bring up unpleasant topics. I adopted another tack.

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"Is it true that your father has grown wealthy through his dealings in oil?" I asked.

"I never heard that he was wealthy," he replied.

Balked at that opening, I resorted to desperate means. I threw out a wild query—and it went home. I had no inkling that Senator Curtis had so much as a single share of Sinclair stock. But it would do no harm to ask.

"Is it true that your father is a large stockholder in Sinclair Oil?"

"No," he said, and hesitated. Then he added: "He has had Sinclair stock, but—I think—he has sold it all."

That frank admission was all I could ask for along that line, and so I again changed the subject.

"Did you have any hand in your father's nomination for Vice-President?"

"I was on duty at his headquarters," he answered, with a show of justifiable pride. "I've been around quite a bit, and know lots of people, and I steered them around where it would do the most good."

"Mr. Sinclair has always supported your father?"

"Oh, yes; he always contributed to father's campaigns out in Kansas."

"And you have no compunction about keeping this job?"

"Why should I?" he retorted. "At least I have definite work to do. It's not like Archie Roosevelt, who capitalized his father's name to get a job with Sinclair and then had to be shoved around, from department to department, because they couldn't find any work he could do."

"Supposing the opposition to your father exposes your connection with Sinclair. Then what?"

"Let 'em come. We're ready for 'em. We'll come right back at 'em and spring something on the Democrats, and it'll be a lot worse."

A lot worse than what? I hadn't the heart to ask him. Once more, I let it pass.

An open letter to Senator Curtis:

As the clans were gathering at Kansas City you proclaimed that any ticket headed by Hoover would at once be placed on the defensive. You must have known whereof you spoke! In March, 1924, it was brought out by the Teapot Dome investigators that Ira E. Bennett, editor of Edward B. McLean's Washington *Post*, had sent this telegram to his chief:

> Saw Principal. Delivered message. He says greatly appreciates and sends regards to you and Mrs. McLean. There will be no rocking of the boat and no resignations. He expects reaction from unwarranted political attacks.

The "Principal," it was made known, was yourself. The charge was not denied. You have never satisfactorily explained it to this day. At that time you were the Republican whip of the Senate, and already scheming to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge as majority leader. No doubt even then you had your eye on the Presidency.

In the light of what we now know about you and your affiliations, and—our full cognizance of how you tried to stifle the investigation that would involve both you and your oily benefactor, perhaps it will be best for all concerned if you will at this time retire from the ticket and from political life as gracefully as you can.

# Socrates Sits Upon the Log

By LELAND HAMILTON JENKS

IF there is hope for an intellectual renascence in the United States, one of its most promising signs is the zeal with which the college world is engaged in self-criticism. It is a poor college that is not trying, if very feebly, to follow some such trail as those blazed by Wilson at Princeton, Meiklejohn at Amherst and Wisconsin, Aydelotte at Swarthmore, Morgan at Antioch, and Hamilton at Robert Brookings. The more venturesome of the many experimenters are not only hoping to reorganize the curriculum but are also seeking to break through the routine of the time-honored lecture-and-quiz methods of instruction. None perhaps has broken so completely with classroom tradition in this respect as has Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, under the leadership of Hamilton Holt.

It is nothing new for Rollins to be a pioneer. When the college was founded in 1885 under the auspices of a group of Congregationalists from New England, it was the only institution of higher learning in Florida. It was the first liberal college in the Far South. From the first it was devoted to the old Amherst idea of being a Christian college which imposed no religious test upon either faculty or students. Through many difficulties the college was kept true to this generous faith. And last year it had an opportunity to renew publicly its convictions when it was the only college in Florida to oppose the threatened anti-evolution bill. The clear-cut, reasonable statement of the views of the Rollins faculty produced a marked effect upon the legislature. Rollins is living proof that a liberal college can exist and grow in the most fundamentalist part of the South.

Three years ago the college undertook a further mission. Dr. Holt, former editor of the *Independent*, cofounder of the League to Enforce Peace, and leader in numerous enterprises for international cooperation, was offered the Rollins presidency. Although his career had thus far been that of a publicist, President Holt had some well-defined ideas about education. And his freshness to the academic world emboldened him to launch an attempt at Rollins to get back to first principles in the relations of teachers and students.

Briefly, Dr. Holt proposed to banish the lecture and recitation wholly from the campus, as the normal methods of instruction. He proposed to provide each department and instructor with a laboratory or workshop, equipped with the tools, books, and conveniences for study. Here it was hoped that students and teachers would work together, the former learning especially from the contagion of common intellectual undertakings. It was a thoroughgoing application to the college field of what is frequently called the "project-method" in discussions of secondary education.

"We would have continuous and intimate association of professors and students in the working period of the day," declared President Holt. "Every student should spend the entire morning in intellectual work, two hours of the after-

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noon in field work, and perhaps an hour or an hour and a half in the evening in receptive work and play."

In working out Dr. Holt's ideals, several modifications were made at Rollins. The financial condition of the college made it impossible to put the plant in ideal shape for the effective working of the plan in all its aspects. Instructors of national prestige entered their rooms at the inauguration of the experiment two years ago to find some of them without a scrap of furniture. The floor and window-ledges were for a few weeks a very real equivalent of Mark Hopkins's hypothetical log. Yet this very lack of standardized equipment has helped to destroy the obstacles to natural, human contacts between students and instructors. And instruction has come at Rollins to be a matter of conference, suggestion, and guidance, with the student placed increasingly upon his own initiative and held responsible for results.

Thus the student enrolling in chemistry may be handed a text and a book of exercises. "Here is your year's work; go to it," says the professor in effect. "When you strike a snag, come into the office for a talk. When you are ready for a quiz, it will be ready for you." In a literature course, discussion by the Socratic method is the principal feature of the class period. One professor delivers a brief lecture embodying original material at each meeting of the class, and devotes the remainder of the period to individual conferences. Another divides his class into sections for the purpose of making group reports to the class as a whole upon principal topics of discussion. In one history class recently the instructor devoted a portion of the period to individual conferences upon essays previously written, while the bulk of the class engaged in the preparation of another set of papers, with the aid of the departmental library. Presently half a dozen students were discovered on the veranda, heatedly arguing the reasons for the fall of Rome. The instructor joined the group, and ultimately the discussion attracted the attention of the entire class. In another course the instructor lectures informally when the students decide that they need encouragement or enlightenment with respect to a complicated situation. In the education department, customarily the stronghold of aridity and insipidity, the instructor has been approaching problems of educational psychology by way of Plato and Dante's "Inferno."

Whatever Dr. Holt has started at Rollins, it is not a cut-and-dried system. He has given able instructors who were dissatisfied with older methods an opportunity to experiment with more direct means of promoting the intellectual and aesthetic development of their students. And the admitted results have encouraged the indefinite continuance of the experiment.

"What do you do when your class meets?" I have been asked by anxious colleagues at other institutions. This is the precise difference between Rollins and the average college. The class does not meet as such. Individuals come to the department room for reading and research, to make written or oral report, for conference with the instructor, to attend an announced discussion or lecture. If they do not come they must be accounted for. But they are self-starters. The students decide for themselves how they will spend their time, unless they are deficient. When at rare intervals the instructor assumes the role of taskmaster, the event is impressive for its novelty. It is not the duty of students to run if the instructor does not put in an appearance within ten minutes of the beginning of the period. They have their work cut out for them; and it is their loss if they do not do it when it can be best performed.

It was not easy at the outset to bring students and teachers to realize the full implications of this sweeping break with time-honored college teaching methods. To assist the conference idea in making its way upon the campus, a departure was instituted in the length of class periods. Instead of meeting for three one-hour periods a week, classes were scheduled for the same number of periods, two hours in length, for the same credit. It was assumed that college students, who are generally supposed to study two hours in preparation for every hour spent in class, actually spend only one hour or less in preparation. Hence it was proposed that students should perform all of their required activities in connection with any course during the two hours scheduled for contact with their instructors in the classroom. If they wished to excel, or to master their courses more rapidly than their fellows, they might do so after school hours, in their rooms or elsewhere. The college day, however, was divided into three such conference periods, which, together with a period for athletics in the afternoon, were expected to place the required activities of the school upon an "eight-hour business day."

It must be said that this attempted analogy between college education and the New York business office has not been free from difficulties. Experienced educators have viewed it at all times with distrust, as based upon erroneous premises. The problems of attention involved have been solved at times at the expense of content in the courses. The organization of college work about the average performance of the average student as a standard is out of line with contemporary trends in progressive education. Moreover, the element of supervised study seemingly involved in the eight-hour day principle is at war with the conference ideal itself. And as the college attracts to it, as it is doing, the type of student best able to become master of his own education, this particular mechanism is certain to undergo considerable modification. It has already been abandoned in advanced courses, which are being run along seminar or autonomous lines. And in practice it is safe to say that there is not a student on the campus who actually performs all of his required college work, not to say all that he is moved to do, within the strict and exclusive limits of the office-workers' day. The conference idea will triumph over the time-clock as well as over the lock-step.

It is particularly with reference to the curriculum, however, that the limited number of periods provided in the schedule has proved embarrassing. Because of it the college has thus far done little toward wrestling with the great problem of what to teach, which Dr. Meiklejohn has so adventurously undertaken at Wisconsin. In this respect, as in many others, Rollins stands so far in the same shoes as dozens of her compeers. The college has its unsolved questions of admission, of discipline, of student activities, of fraternities, of academic tenure, of collegiate self-government. Many of these questions are now being studied at the initiative of a group of the faculty of the college. Rollins boasts for president a man who, while campaigning for endowment, indorses the doctrine of evolution in Florida and public ownership in New York City. What college has better right to be proud of its liberalism? Who can doubt that it will be the questing spirit of Socrates rather than the dogmatism of Mark Hopkins which will sit at the end of the Rollins log?

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# What Happened in Maine

By PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

*Augusta, Maine, September 14*

ONE Maine newspaper had the effrontery to declare the week before the State election that "As Maine Goes" was a myth, and to cite the two Cleveland and the second Wilson elections in substantiation of the discrepancy between State and national verdicts in Presidential years. But apparently this was a still small voice. The ballyhoo to indorse Republican prosperity, to rebuke the attempt to re-enthrone King Alcohol (whose first dethronement by Maine is the State spell-binders' pride), to repel the attempt of foreign and Tammanyized New York to lay its tiger claws on the nation—and, above all, the whispered campaign against the menace of a "foreign potentate"—drowned out all other considerations. "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" (the rebellion of those who would upset our perfect order) proved—this time in reverse—as potent as against that famous native son, Blaine of Maine.

Regularity and conservatism triumphed. The sentiment that in the same week in neighboring New Hampshire nominated the gubernatorial candidate, Charles W. Tobey, of the progressive wing of Republicanism against the standpat Ora Brown, supported by Senators Moses and Keyes; that in far-away Washington rejected Poindexter, the renegade progressive—all this was totally lacking in the State whose motto is "I direct." Senator Frederick Hale, whose slogan is service, who in Washington attends the minutest wants of his constituents with Sears-Roebuck diligence, emerged unscathed from his opponents' attacks. Both in the primary and the campaign proper his votes in favor of Newberry, the Fall oil policy, and Vare and Smith —particularly the last—his reactionary labor record, his votes against the utilities investigation and government retention of Muscle Shoals, but in favor of turning over the bankrupt Cape Cod Canal to the government, were brought into the open. He thereupon received the largest majority ever accorded a United States Senator in Maine. Colonel William Tudor Gardiner, of Gardiner—a country squire, with Harvard polish and democratic manners—who avoided discussing any issues but let it be known that he favored export of hydro-electric power, which the power companies want, was likewise elected by the largest majority ever given a governor in Maine.

By the election Maine is apparently headed for the category of one-party States, like those of the Solid South, and without the saving grace of a vigorous insurgency which prevails in the nominally Republican States of the Northwest. The Democrats lost not only every one of the sixteen counties, but every county officer save one, lost their lone seat in the State Senate, and in the House dwindled from twenty-two to sixteen out of a total membership of 151.

The power issue, though taken up both in the Republican primaries and in the campaign itself by the losing candidates, made no appreciable impression on the voters. The issue which was variously termed "Insullism" or export versus retention of hydro-electric power, had its origin a score of years ago when Governor Bert M. Fernald brought about the enactment of a law forbidding the export by corporations of Maine's hydro-electric power without special permit. For twenty years the power interests have assaulted the law, first with little effect, but since the entry of the Insull interests into Maine with apparently increasing success. Since 1909 every governor has opposed "export." In 1922 Governor Percival P. Baxter, who succeeded to the governorship by the death of Frederick H. Parkhurst, campaigned for reelection successfully on that issue. Against a rising pressure Governor Ralph O. Brewster vetoed the Smith-Wyman export bill, frankly sponsored by the power companies, and threatened to take the matter to the people on a referendum if the measure were repassed over his veto. Sufficient votes to repass were lacking. But Governor Brewster had earned the enmity of the power interests and the Republican machine, which are closely identified, and in the Senatorial primary was defeated by a somewhat less than two-to-one majority. A feature of the campaign was the complete about-face of former Governor Baxter, who, long hated by the machine for his avowed position as "the people's defender," swallowed all his previous utterances and clambered on the standpat band-wagon. His political ambitions within the State were ended in a special election for the Senatorship in 1926 by a crushing defeat at the hands of Arthur R. Gould, who was as liberal in his campaign expenditures as Mr. Baxter was not. It is no secret that Mr. Baxter is now an active aspirant for a diplomatic post. He needs the State party organization's support to get it.

In the Republican gubernatorial primary, two out of four candidates made retention of Maine's hydro-electric power their issue. One of them weakened before the end of the campaign, but a third, who had long indorsed the power companies' views, switched to the other position in mid-campaign on the ground that he had discovered the Insulls were not to be trusted. Faith in that candidate's sudden conversion did not appear to be widespread. Colonel Gardiner, who, beyond an original declaration in favor of exporting "surplus" power, had conducted a campaign of handshaking, received half again as many votes as his three opponents combined. A broken arm might have cramped his style, but none of his opponents thought of that. His political dryness and his record of personal wetness were also used quietly where each would be most effective.

A rift in the local Democratic Party was apparent at its State convention. The pledging of the delegation to Smith alienated the Drys and others—not so dry—whom the prohibition issue served as a cloak for their religious prejudices. The party platform, in a plank written by a power attorney and former party leader, denounced the power issue as "demagogic" and declared for the export of power. The convention nominated a little-known youngster from Rockland, Edward Carl Moran, Jr., a few years ago a famous Bowdoin debater, who had distinguished himself at the convention by a stirring address in favor of pledging the delegation for Smith. Shortly afterward he repudiated the State party's power plank and declared for the retention of Maine's power and an investigation of the

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rates which the power companies were charging. He campaigned eloquently but vainly on that issue.

The Democratic National Committee evidently considered Maine hopeless. Previous experience likewise, it appears, had taught it that funds sent to Maine for campaign purposes had often not been disbursed by the recipient politicians. The committee sent but $5,000 to Maine—not even cigar money—specifically directing that it be used for registration of voters only. Elections in Maine as elsewhere are won on money. Moreover, Moran labored under the handicap of his name, which the Protestant voters in large numbers deemed to be "Irish Catholic." He is a Protestant, while his running mate for the Senatorship, Herbert E. Holmes, is a Catholic. Each won and lost votes through mistaken conceptions of his faith on the part of the voters. The falling off in the Democratic vote, while the Republican was almost the same as in 1924, indicates that the striking results on September 10 were due to the non-voting of Democrats rather than to the swing to Republicanism. The Portland *Press-Herald* offers evidence that the abstention was wholly among the women.

Although the winners declared that national issues alone were involved and that the local power issue was not an issue at all, the power interests had it all their own way. It is on the cards that a power-export bill will again pass the Legislature, and will not be vetoed by Governor Gardiner. The result on a referendum, which is bound to follow (for it can be compelled by 10,000 signatories), is not easy to forecast. Only one daily in Maine, a newcomer less than a year old, the Portland *Evening News*, appears to have had the temerity to challenge the power interests. The power-trust organs—whose owners are a past Republican National Committeeman and his wife, the present Republican National Committeewoman—promise reduced taxes to Maine through the additional revenue to the State from the great profits which will accrue to the power companies when these are permitted to sell their surplus and as yet undeveloped power in Massachusetts. The Portland *Evening News* vigorously combats these claims, denies there would be any surplus to export if rates were equitable, points to the discrepancy between the prices of power to Maine consumers and that promised to Massachusetts potential purchasers, charges that the purpose of export is to remove Maine's power from State to federal control, and attacks the financial structure of the Insull corporations. It recently revealed that the Maine Insull companies—which have absorbed every important producer of hydro-electricity in the State but one—are controlled by the New England Public Service Company, which in turn is controlled by the National Electric Power Company, which in turn is controlled by the Middle West Utilities Company. Samuel Insull is the directing genius of all these interlocking and overlapping groups. The Portland *Evening News* charges that this too-heavy super-structure rests on the shoulders of the Maine consumer. If that be the case, one might judge that the Maine citizens are, paraphrasing slightly the phrase coined by Lincoln Steffens about Philadelphia years ago, "exploited and contented."

Hoover sentiment is predominant in Maine. His personal popularity among the rank and file is unmistakable. Before his nomination the more conservative organs of Republican opinion were only lukewarm in his favor. The Portland *Evening News*, which came out early and vigorously for his nomination, sought vainly to secure a Maine Republican delegation pledged to him. Now the press of the State has become unanimous for him. No Democratic dailies survive. There have been none since the days of the Portland *Argus*, when in the fine flush of power in the wake of Bull-Moosery, Democratic newspapers existed also in Waterville, Lewiston, and Bangor. They extolled the virtues of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, while two Democratic Governors, first Plaisted and then Curtis, ruled at Augusta and Obadiah Gardner and Charles F. Johnson were in the United States Senate. The dwindling of Maine's Democracy coincides with the vanishing of its newspapers. Therein lies the truest approach to a parallelism between Maine and the nation.

# The Way of Boston

By GARDNER JACKSON

CERTAIN individuals, struck by the significance of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, thought it important to have a memorial meeting on the anniversary of the execution, August 23. They gave their names to the enterprise—such people as Samuel Eliot Morison, the historian of Harvard, Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, and others. They said: "We will hold the meeting in the Old South Meeting House. That place has historic associations exactly suited to the purpose and is in the hands of liberals."

Speakers were secured, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and others. Scant thought was given to the possibility of a refusal by the Old South board of managers. Application was made in person by Miss Catharine Huntington and myself to Richard W. Hale, who is treasurer of the Old South organization and the man to whom one applies for a permit to use the Meeting House.

The discussion was long. Mr. Hale suggested that free speech required that both sides of a controversial issue be represented. We urged Mr. Hale to invite Governor Fuller, President Lowell, and any others of that side to speak at the memorial meeting. Nothing would satisfy us more than to have them, we said. Mr. Hale agreed, in effect, that he was rhetorical in making the suggestion. "We know," he said, "that they want to forget it."

Confessing his sympathy with our undertaking, Mr. Hale said that it was futile to call for a vote of the board of managers. He offered a check for $25 to rent a vacant lot on which to hold the meeting. He said we could never get a hall. If the vacant lot meeting was interrupted by the authorities, he would urge the board of managers to give the Old South Meeting House to us for a meeting to protest such interference.

He pointed out that such a meeting as we wished would be classed as controversial, and that if the Old South was used for it the managers of the Old South would be regarded by the public as taking our side. "It's illogical but it's so," he admitted. He called Courtney Crocker, another of the managers, on the telephone. He told him what he had told us and asked Mr. Crocker if he did not agree. He hung up the receiver and told us that Mr. Crocker agreed.

He turned to Miss Huntington with a hypothetical case. Supposing, he said, the Old South was controlled by the Quakers and some group outside were considering the ques-

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tion of whether women should be allowed to dance naked on Boston Common. Did Miss Huntington think the Old South should be thrown open by the Quakers to such a discussion?

Professor Morison went to Mr. Hale and Mr. Hale reconsidered. He sent out by mail to the board of managers a voting blank on the proposition of giving the hall to the Sacco-Vanzetti group for the meeting providing they could secure no other place in Boston. The hall, which is dedicated to the purpose, among others, of memorial meetings and is considered the final stamping ground of liberalism in Boston, includes the Mayor of Boston, the Governor, and others among its board of managers, ex officio. With the voting blank Mr. Hale, the sympathizer with the Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, sent a letter saying he and Mr. Crocker disapproved of allowing the use of the hall for the meeting. Announcement of the vote has not been made.

We set about seeking other halls. John P. Englert, Superintendent of Public Buildings for the City of Boston, told Miss Huntington he would see the Mayor about Faneuil Hall. He seemed agitated. He said he was intimidated after the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a meeting last summer at the time of the execution. He said two men jumped out at him when he was putting his car in his garage at his home in Hyde Park. In spite of this he would see what he could do. He did not want to refuse, he told Miss Huntington.

> It seems to me [he wrote some days later] that this whole affair was very regrettable and that it would be inadvisable to start any agitation either of sympathy or defense, and, furthermore, Faneuil Hall belongs to the people as a whole. There are undoubtedly many more taxpayers of the city against the reopening of this case than there are sympathizers, and their wishes must be considered in the premises.
>
> Considering the foregoing I regret that I cannot allow you the use of the hall on that date for this purpose.

William E. Blodgett, chairman of the trustees of Ford Memorial (Ford Hall), wrote: "We do not believe any good purpose will be served by holding such a meeting, and we decline to rent the hall for it." The superintendent of Tremont Temple, F. F. Plimpton, wrote: "In our opinion a meeting of the kind you propose will be construed as a further criticism of our courts; therefore we cannot permit the use of Tremont Temple for the proposed meeting."

So it went all along the line, including the churches. Temple Israel was refused because the trustees open their halls to nothing but religious or Jewish meetings. Theaters were refused because of repairs and cleaning in process. Once Miss Huntington listed the speakers, including Edna St. Vincent Millay, without stating immediately the purpose of the meeting. The manager of the theater assured her she could, of course, have his theater. Then Miss Huntington mentioned Sacco and Vanzetti. The manager said he would have to make his final answer by telephone. It turned out to be that the repairs would take longer than he thought. The manager of Steinert Hall consented, and after we had sent out letters withdrew his consent. Under questioning he said it was either the Mayor's office or the State police that had made him withdraw his consent. City Censor Casey at the Mayor's office denied influencing him. So did the office of General Foote of the State police. Discrepancies. Whose? The Symphony Hall management would state no reasons for refusing.

Finally, M. Furash of the Scenic Auditorium in the South End agreed to let us use his hall if we could assure him the police would not penalize him. John S. Codman of the American Civil Liberties Union got such an assurance from Michael H. Crowley, Superintendent of Police. So it was arranged with Mr. Furash and his son—Mr. Furash, a Jewish immigrant, the only hall-owner in Boston willing to rent his premises for a Sacco-Vanzetti meeting.

# In the Driftway

THE picturesque country roads are going. And there are many persons, chiefly summer visitors to the country, who bitterly bemoan the fact. What a pity, they say, to chop down the trees, to widen the banks, to dig up the leaning ferns, to cut the clinging locust and alder branches, to straighten out the curves and flatten out the humps. Of course there may be a little mud in the spring, maybe, but what is a little mud to the beauty of the old, narrow, winding road? The farmer, of course, has a different answer to make. To him the mud makes a lot of difference, as do frozen ruts in the fall and snow-piled banks in winter. And on the whole, although he is as alive as anyone to the importance of preserving the country from "modern civilization," the Drifter is inclined to agree with him.

* * * * *

NOR is the new, paved road without beauty. It is glistening black asphalt or smooth white concrete; its curves are wide and open, its hills sweep nobly up and down. A road looked at from above has a flashing beauty, a beauty that belongs exclusively to a new age. Lately the Drifter has been on the spot while a new road was in the making. He has only admiration for the process, even though parts of it may be painful to the man who is forced to drive his car over ruts and around trucks. First come the woodchoppers, widening out the shoulders, cutting down fine trees, it may be, but letting the sun in nevertheless. After them the steam shovel marches steadily, biting great holes in the banks, tearing out roots and rocks, moving earth at a pace that twenty men could not equal. With the shovel goes the blasting. The hills rock and resound; the stones fly; trees are split in two, as if from a bombardment with heavy artillery. But the road goes on relentlessly. The rock-crusher and the pick are busy; the shovel wielded by hand makes a smooth bank or digs out a bed for a recalcitrant brook. At last the paving-stone is thrown out with a fine, swinging stroke of the shovel, the same stroke, by the way, that used to broadcast grain. And at last, like a king over the magic carpet that has been spread for him, majestically, slowly, inevitably comes the roller, mashing it all down flat under his great feet.

* * * * *

IF the roller is like a king, the trucks that carry sand and gravel are his herd of elephants. The Drifter has always suspected that a truck-driver was permanently attached to the monster he guides; that indeed he does not guide it, but merely moves as it is pleased to move, and stops when in its wisdom it sees fit to stop. But if the truck-drivers are less—or perhaps in a machine age more—than men, the gangs that follow them with a shovel are men indeed. Ajax the Drifter sees every day, bossing his gang with a sweep of the arm; Ichabod in the flesh drives the

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caterpillar tractor. He saw the Walrus—without the Carpenter—walking to work this morning, and the shaved, crimson head of a prisoner from Devil's Island burns under the noonday sun. A road is an adventure; even if it were not successful it would be worth watching. But it is successful. Motors that travel on it fairly sing their satisfaction. Even the Drifter, who has expressed from time to time an acute dislike of automobiles, cannot but rejoice when he glides smoothly and swiftly over the new road.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## The Issue Is Tolerance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ardent admirer of Norman Thomas, supporter of Debs in 1920 and of La Follette in 1924, disillusioned Wilsonian, scion of a Republican and Protestant family, believer in the real need of a third party in American politics, I am nevertheless going to cast my vote in the coming election for Al Smith.

Mr. Thomas is by all odds the best candidate the Socialist Party in the United States has ever nominated for the office of President. It would be a pleasure to contribute to a large vote of confidence and tribute to him personally, but such a vote at this particular time is a gesture of futility. Even more, it is a vote to send to the White House a Quaker who believes in a huge navy (as Dr. Butler has put it, in the policy of "swagger"), who five years ago waged a fantastic and futile "rubber war" against Great Britain, who has played a conspicuous role in the vicious policy of government control of foreign loans, and who has presided over an aggressive Department of Commerce maintaining abroad an elaborate system of commercial espionage in the interest of American business. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the exception of Belgium, there is no country in Europe in which Mr. Hoover's name recalls pleasant memories. As to the backward areas of the world, Mr. Hoover has personally acted for the greater part of his life as one of the advance agents of that economic imperialism which is one of the principal causes of the war system. How much sympathy can the Chinese, for example, expect from this man? Is there any hope that Mr. Hoover's policy on Russia will be other than obscurantist? Al Smith will have a great deal to learn about foreign relations, but he will have nothing to unlearn. He will appoint, it may safely be assumed, a capable Secretary of State, whereas Mr. Hoover will probably be his own Secretary of State and in the long run will be dominated by the efficient bureaucracy in the Department of State.

Al Smith's Tammany affiliations are admittedly unfortunate. But Tammany Hall has not dominated the government of the State of New York during his four terms as governor. It has not prevented Al Smith from giving the State the most satisfactory code of welfare legislation in the Union. And if Al Smith has Tammany, Mr. Hoover has Thompson and Vare and Bascom Slemp, who are not so far removed from Sinclair, Doheny, Fall, and Hays in their practical influence on politics; Mr. Hoover accepts support from the former group and does not specifically repudiate the latter.

The real issue in this campaign, however, is tolerance. This may not be altogether obvious to the resident of New York City. But to a New Yorker transplanted perforce into an up-State community it becomes of prime significance. I am not speaking alone of religious toleration—although Protestant pulpits are booming with denunciations of a candidate who happens to be a Catholic, whereas Catholic priests are silent lest their words be taken as orders direct from the Pope! I am speaking of a kind of tolerance which is free from snobbery—which is not afraid of brown derbies, a nasal twang, or an unobtrusive wife. There has suddenly sprung up a new qualification for office in the United States—that the President must be a college graduate! As a professor in a great American university, this strikes me as the choicest sort of nonsense—Al Smith's education in dealing with men and women is much more to be valued than the sort of book-knowledge (or lack of it) which one acquires in our best country-club colleges with their ranking football teams and high social prestige.

Under existing conditions a vote for Hoover is a vote for the Stratons, the Heflins, the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League, the embattled Methodist bishops, the anti-evolutionists, the America First League, the big-navy men, and every other force of intolerance in the United States. If Smith is submerged in a wave of bigotry and snobbery, none can foresee the consequences to freedom of thought and habit in America.

We need, to be sure, a third party which in future will make unnecessary a Hobson's choice between the Republican and Democratic candidates. But the way to build such a third party is not by protest votes for the Presidency. It is by control of the smaller units of government through contesting in each district for the offices of alderman and representative in Congress. On a Statewide basis contests should be made, particularly for seats in the United States Senate. Until a respectable showing can be made by a third-party movement in municipal and State government and in the Congress of the United States it is no longer practical politics to vote for a forlorn hope for the Presidency.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

*Saranac Lake, N. Y., September 10*

## His Faith Is Slipping

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have voted for Governor Smith every time he has been a candidate. But, like many other Progressives, my faith is slipping.

The Public Service Commission, consisting of five members, three of whom are Governor Smith's appointees, has proved more than once that it is very much on the side of the utility corporations. This is especially true of George R. Van Namee, the Governor's pre-convention campaign manager this year, his former secretary, and an intimate political adviser. When the Public Committee on Power, representing the consumers, asked for a hearing on the merger of the Consolidated Gas Company and the Brooklyn Edison Company, the commission declined to hear it. After much publicity had been given to the request of the consumers' committee Governor Smith, rather feebly as I think, asked that the case be reopened. Then followed a gesture often adopted by politicians to deceive the people. One of the five commissioners, Brewster, was known to be ill at Syracuse. The remaining four, Prendergast, Pooley, Van Namee, and Lunn, divided two to two and the motion was lost. Is the Governor really entitled to the credit for supporting State development of water power and for preventing mergers without a pledge on the part of the merged corporation to reduce rates for electrical service? The merger was authorized by unanimous vote of the four commissioners, including George Van Namee.

During his eight years as Governor, Smith has gone all the way from State development and distribution of power to a plan for public ownership and private distribution. He appears to know nothing of the wonderful Ontario system, nor of the hundreds of excellent examples of municipal ownership.

Throughout this campaign we have heard a great deal about William F. Kenny, a boyhood friend of the Governor, multi-millionaire and large contributor to the Democratic fund. He owns a special railroad car in which Governor Smith, his family, and friends have been traveling. But I hear that Kenny made much of his fortune on cost-plus contracts for Nicholas

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F. Brady, president of the New York Edison Company, and large holder in numerous power generating and distributing systems outside of the greater city, including the recently merged plants at Albany, Amsterdam, Utica, and Syracuse.

Is it reasonable to suppose that gentlemen like Owen D. Young, Pierre Du Pont, E. S. Harkness, and John J. Raskob would continue to support Governor Smith if they believed he was committed to State development of water power? Some say that the real water-power battle is between interests allied with Owen D. Young and the Mellon interests.

*Albany, N. Y., September 10* JAMES MURPHY

# Blame

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article, Insull-ating the Coolidge Cabinet, in *The Nation* for September 12, the question is asked: Mr. Common Citizen, what do you purpose to do about it?

If the answer is *nothing*, a good share of the blame should be placed directly on Upton Sinclair, Norman Thomas, and their followers. This group, knowing well it is impossible to carry through its program in one grand sweep, nevertheless stands aloof. Through the candidacy of Governor Smith—the assertion is based on *The Nation's* own words—there is opportunity at last to try with some hope of success to turn the social trend in the direction at least of some of the reforms Socialists proclaim. Socialist leaders might win confidence in their practical judgment and add to their influence later by coming down from the heights for the present and lending a hand to the realists. They seem to prefer bombast to a little genuine accomplishment. That is their privilege, but they cannot escape responsibility.

*Whitman, Mass., September 8* MARGARET A. GAFFNEY

# The New Liberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The trip from Berlin to Paris threatened boredom pretty complete and discomfort. Being nearly broke we had foregone sleepers and were sitting up very much crowded and uncomfortable in a second-class compartment, surrounded and inundated by foreign speech, French, German, Spanish. As dawn was breaking and we seemed to be entering the outskirts of Cologne, the rich molasses of South Carolina dialect trickled into our homesick ears. Peering through the dim light we perceived two colored people, a man of middle age and a woman somewhat younger. Naturally, my first impulse was to ask what part of the South they hailed from. Imagine my surprise when I learned that they had never been in the U. S. A., but were Liberians, attached to the Liberian mission (consulate or legation, I forget which) in Berlin. Their ancestors, it appeared, were among the original settlers in Liberia; they had inherited white American civilization from their grandfathers and kept that torch burning in the African wilds for several generations. American civilization, however, only fringed the coast, had never been able to penetrate the interior. Mr. J. A. said:

> We never were able to subdue the wild native tribes, because we didn't have any money or weapons. Also the French and English were always making trouble on our frontiers and stealing our territory. But now that has all changed, with the granting of the Firestone concession. You see we have been careful to give Mr. Firestone his concessions along the frontiers so that now when the British or French want to encroach on us they will have to face the United States Government. Oh, yes, we have a financial adviser, approved by the State Department at Washington, and whatever he says goes. I guess we all are fixed all right now. And then, you know, with the money Mr. Firestone loaned us, we have for the first time in our history been able to subdue them native tribes. They are all pacified now, and working like everything collecting rubber for export. I tell you, Mister, Liberia hasn't ever been so prosperous as it is now, no, not since the settlement of the country by the American colonists.

This is not a document, but it is gospel true, and probably sheds a more revealing light on the actual arrangements in Liberia than days of argument at Williamstown.

*New York, September 2* HENRY G. ALSBERG

# Dwight Morrow's Achievement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just returned from a trip to El Paso, where I had an opportunity to talk with an American doing business in Mexico, who has been in that country for nearly thirty years. You will be interested in having his testimony as to the very great effect which Mr. Morrow's diplomacy has had throughout, at least northern Mexico. Mr. Morrow has converted the suspicion and dislike of Americans, which was noticeable throughout the whole country among high and low, into friendliness. The whole atmosphere as between Americans and Mexicans in their business relations, my informant tells me, has changed. In place of suspicion of this country there is confidenee in its friendship, and instead of fear that an individual American business man is trying to overreach the Government and individual Mexicans, there is a growing sense of cooperation and a willingness to recognize Americans as not merely rapacious concession grabbers.

This evidence of the result of treating Mexicans as people and their government as a real government is worth pondering. Evidently the Spanish Americans are not much interested in oratorical declarations of friendship and respect for the independence of national governments, but they are impressed by having the government treated like an independent government and their people shown consideration.

*New York, September 6* J. P. CHAMBERLAIN

# What's the Ukraine?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I pick up *The Nation* and my eye rests upon an ad, in heavy black letters: "All-Russia Tour, including the Ukraine." In 1914 I graduated from one of the high schools of Chicago. To me was allotted the task of speaking at the exercises. And what to speak of? The Ukraine, of course. Had I not been taught from the days of lisping that I was an "Oukrainka"?! Was I not brought up on Ukrainian history, literature, traditions, songs, folk-lore? And to help me in the delivery of the "oration" a teacher of French was chosen—Miss M. Timidly and reverently I brought her the "speech" "to have it looked over." It began: "There are forty million Ukrainians in the world. . . . "

Miss M. frowned. There was a wrinkle between her eyebrows. She was gentle and she spoke softly:

"Mary—there must be a mistake, dear. You better ask your father. Surely you do not mean forty millions! Perhaps it is 400,000, but I'm sure it's not forty million. I would have heard about them!"

The budding orator wept bitter tears that night. Forty million! And the teacher knew nothing about them.

Fourteen years have passed; today even teachers of French are expected to know a little more about the Ukraine and her people than just: "Oh, its something like Russia, or is it Poland?" Today *The Nation* carries an ad. And there will be many who will go to see the Ukraine—her steppes and her poppy-sprinkled fields, to hear her nightingales and listen to the roaring of the Dnieper River!

*New York, September 1* OUKRAINKA

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# Books and Plays

## The Old Executioner

By McALISTER COLEMAN

Time is a headsman
In a mask of black and white
Standing at corners
Peering at people with glittering eyes.
Sooner or later Time will get them all
And thinking of this
Time ticks contentedly,
Grimly waiting the inevitable hour.

## Eucharist

By ANNE SINGLETON

Light the more given is the more denied.
Though you go seeking by the naked seas,
Each cliff etched visible, and all the waves
Pluming themselves with sunlight, of this pride
Light makes her sophistries.

You are not like to find her, being fed
Always with that she shines on. Only those
Storm driven down the dark, see light arise,
Her body broken for their rainbow bread,
At late and shipwrecked close.

## Versailles vs. Civilization

*The Mirage of Versailles.* By Hermann Stegemann. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

*Locarno: A Dispassionate View.* By Alfred Fabre-Luce. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE are two notable books by distinguished European publicists, one a Swiss and the other a Frenchman, defending the same thesis; namely, that civilization cannot continue without a cessation of international wars on a large scale and that world peace cannot be expected as long as the atrocious Treaty of Versailles and its allied pacts of St. Germain and the Trianon remain the foundation of the European system.

Dr. Stegemann, already well-known for his monumental work on "The Struggle for the Rhine," in which he treated this question in detail as the key to Western European politics from Caesar to Poincaré, surveys the leading problems in the national development and international relations of Europe and the United States. It is not an aimless or superficial encyclopedic summary, but a searching historical analysis, which is organized about the traditional problems, ambitions, and "missions" of the chief European Powers. Especially important are the chapters on the French military hegemony in Europe, the Anglo-American primacy in world relations, and the savagery of the post-war treaties which threaten the future of world peace and European civilization. While in no sense an apologist for Germany and her history, Dr. Stegemann contends that there can be no real prospect of good-will and international cooperation in Europe as long as Germany is morally condemned and severely punished for alleged sole guilt in precipitating the World War. The Treaty of Versailles created a situation which, though designed merely to ruin Germany, bids fair to ruin all Europe. European peace can be assured only in proportion as Versailles is undermined and destroyed. Even the more hopeful developments, extending from Versailles to Locarno, are practically nullified because of the fact that Germany is denied participation in the new system on anything like terms of physical or moral equality with her associates in the family of nations.

Dr. Stegemann's book may be recommended to American readers as the most useful and cogent historical introduction to contemporary international issues in Europe which has been written in any language, and the most important book on post-war Europe since Alcide Ebray's masterpiece, "A Frenchman Looks at Peace."

Much the same line of argument is advanced by M. Fabre-Luce in a book of quite different scope. Dr. Stegemann's work is historical in character and brings pre-war history to bear upon post-war problems; M. Fabre-Luce's brilliant discussion is confined to an analysis of the post-war situation. Fabre-Luce is already well-known as the author of "The Crisis of the Alliances" and "The Limitations of Victory," having thus established himself as one of the ablest realistic French writers on the causes and consequences of the World War. A member of one of the richest families in France and brother-in-law of M. Margerie, the French Ambassador to Berlin, M. Fabre-Luce cannot be dismissed by M. Poincaré as a radical, a malcontent, or a renegade.

Fabre-Luce begins his book by a brief and lucid summary of the changes in European attitudes, problems, and methods since 1914, especially those transformations related to the conception of the place of war in civilization and the responsibility for the World War. These changes, M. Fabre-Luce contends, require new methods and instruments in dealing with international relations. Toward the League of Nations the author reveals a sensible attitude—"this great institution may become a blessing or a curse." He favors the principle which it represents and answers many of the specious conventional objections to the League. Yet he maintains that the League can have no far-reaching influence for good as long as the present Franco-German *impasse* continues. In a fine chapter he attacks both the Utopians, whose ideals are above criticism but who fail to grapple with the practical realities and the diplomatic limitations imposed thereby upon immediate constructive action, and the Nationalists, who deplore the fact that the post-war treaties were not more severe and that the destruction of the Central Powers was not complete. Like the League, Locarno was splendid in conception, but is as yet nullified in practice because its architects did not recognize and provide the indispensable prerequisites of European peace and good-will. Both the Leaguers and the devotees of the Locarno cult have failed to remember that "the instruments must be tuned before the concert is given." As obstacles to the realization of the goal of Locarno Fabre-Luce cites the absurd Entente doctrine of the unique responsibility of the Central Powers for the World War, the coexistence of the impossible Polish-German boundary with the Franco-Polish military alliance, the Entente opposition to the *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria, the insistence of the Entente upon German disarmament without any appreciable willingness to reduce their own military and naval forces, and the complete deprivation of Germany with regard to colonial possessions. The position taken by Fabre-Luce in regard to war debts and cancelation is sound and conciliatory. He would assure France and Belgium payment for the reconstruction of devastated areas and then provide for general cancelation of debts and reparations.

Like Stegemann, Fabre-Luce agrees that the future peace of the world cannot be harmonized with the continuance of the humiliation and prostration of Germany, and he holds that the development of a real and extensive Franco-German *rapprochement* is the true key to European peace and disarma-

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ment. Even in France there are many who realize the truth of this assertion, but they find it difficult to take practical steps to realize this indispensable objective, for it involves by implication at least a repudiation of the whole war-time mythology regarding Germany and the Germans. Patriotic lying, then, which was the chief cause of the war fury and excesses, still remains to plague its authors and to obstruct all realistic plans for peace. He concludes by offering a grave warning and a constructive challenge to Frenchmen sincerely interested in peace:

> The policy we have outlined is the one from which France can derive the most honor and advantage, but it is also the one which will call for the greatest effort to cultivate a new spirit. In recommending it, we are taking an optimistic view of the vigor and youth of the country. It is a risk, but it is also the means of winning the stake. . . . Perhaps we shall live to see another carnage. Perhaps those who had dreamed of better things for their country may confess themselves defeated in the end. Perhaps, but they will first try their luck. . . . We shall either be devoured by the Sphinx or we shall guess her riddles. Learn or perish. That is the chance given to modern intelligence, and its tragic value.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

# The Eccentric Century

*The Stammering Century: Eccentricity and Fanaticism in the United States, 1800-1900.* By Gilbert Seldes. The John Day Company. $5.

HENRY L. MENCKEN has long contended that America is populated largely by a boob class ready to swallow and to sacrifice itself to any silly notion, however lacking in common sense or reasonableness it may be. Not a few persons have been struck by the thought that members of the "intellectual aristocracy" (for the cultivation of which Mr. Mencken has sown so many dragons' teeth) are often equally gullible. Indeed, many a newspaper paragraph has been given to the thought, and there once existed and perhaps still exists a magazine devoted to its propagation. When the idea reached Mr. Seldes, however, he decided that a book was necessary for its proper documentation. Then, some time before he reached page 411 in the writing of the book, Mr. Seldes decided that he wanted to prove nothing after all. He has his wish in abundance.

"The Stammering Century" is concerned with "the minor movements, with the cults and manias . . . fanatics, and radicals, and mountebanks" of the nineteenth century. Mr. Seldes does not believe that "these cults and crazes were isolated phenomena of a specially stupid class" or "aberrations, separated from the facts of common life . . ." He regards them rather as "more or less natural phenomena, as abnormalities closely connected with normal life, as part of the continuous existence of the nation. . . ." With the latter statement not even Mr. Mencken would disagree. With the former he might. He might say, for example, that if Henry Ward Beecher, Julia Ward Howe, and General Custer took phrenology seriously (page 315—an apparent hangover of the desire to prove something) they, too, were boobs. Against such an argument Mr. Seldes apparently is not prepared to contend.

Mr. Seldes devotes chapters to the revivalists, Rappites, Owenites, Oneidans, transcendentalists, abolitionists, prohibitionists, suffragists, phrenologists, mesmerists, Christian Scientists, et al. That on Jonathan Edwards is little more than a watered-down repetition of some of the interesting things Vernon Louis Parrington said in his "Main Currents of American Thought." Those on J. Humphrey Noyes and Bronson Alcott are pleasant enough reading; the material is almost author-proof. Yet there is nothing in either of them which was not perfectly well-known before Mr. Seldes honored the subjects with his attention. The chapter on William Lloyd Garrison is disconcertingly sparse. That on Christian Science, in view of the fact that Janet wrote his "Psychological Healing" fully twenty years ago, is amazingly simple-minded. It is hardly a contribution, at this date, to tell us that Christian Science arose as an escape from American materialism. One is amazed to discover in this book no mention whatsoever of John Most, Sixteen-to-One, or Populism. Surely they were "abnormalities closely connected with daily life." It is not clear why Mr. Seldes ignores the political salvationists. Of course, their stories are much less interesting than those of Matthias who committed murder, or of the Oneida Community where one man's bride was every man's bride.

The upshot of Mr. Seldes's study is the following set of amazing insights into the nature of radicalism: 1. "The underlying motive of the radical cults was salvation." 2. The radical cults were generally touched by a greater or lesser degree of madness which most Americans escaped. 3. The radical cults had at least this merit, that they did not submit to commonly accepted evils in American life. 4. The cultists were suffering from an inferiority complex, an Oedipus complex or (*vide* their land-hunger) a mother-fixation. 5. They were related to the romantic movement. 6. "The balanced man is rare." 7. To avoid cultism it is suggested that man make a good adjustment, be normal; but would this not mean a great loss since the neurotics have given us so many great gifts of genius?

To reach these remarkable conclusions Mr. Seldes goes through a great many complicated motions. His opening chapter is beplastered with platitudinous and pretentious history, sociology, and psychology. His final chapter is touched by the fine philosophic exaltation of a school principal giving an assembly talk on Arbor Day. The thinking is inconsequential, the writing is generally dull, and the puns are simply horrendous. If Mr. Mencken lets this book get by him it will be because Mr. Seldes—despite an apparently sincere desire to win a commission in the rising army of revolt against Menckenism—is dealing here with typical *Mercury* material—the idiocies of American life. Considered in this light, "The Stammering Century" is less titillating than the books of Messrs. Werner, Asbury, and Merz.

HERBERT SOLOW

# Mexico's Xenophon

*Bernal Díaz Del Castillo: The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico, 1517-1521.* Edited from the only exact copy of the original manuscript (and published in Mexico) by Genaro García. Translated by A. P. Maudslay. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THE Conquistadores were unusually fortunate in their chroniclers. The written records of four participants in Hernan Cortés's anabasis to Tenochtitlan have come down to us, to say nothing of a score of accounts compiled in closely succeeding years based on the testimony of eyewitnesses whose minds were still filled with the great adventure of the Conquest. Of the four first-hand chronicles none matches in completeness and interest the account of Captain Bernal Díaz del Castillo, written in his old age sixty years after the first successful invasion of the mainland. He wrote in Guatemala, where he lived the rest of his life. Age had not withered the vividness of his recollections; if anything time had freed him from bias, had given him leisure for reflection, permitted the rounding out of an adventure story which is among the few great epics of the human race. It has become almost axiomatic among historians to discount the recollections years afterward of participants in stirring combat. The truth is said to have become blurred with much retelling and respinning. In the case of Bernal Díaz there is ample material for checking the sturdy old soldier's reminiscences. Unquestionably he is the Xenophon of the New World.

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The story of his manuscript rivals in interest his own tale. The original has remained to this day in Guatemala, where it was for some generations preserved by his descendants until it became one of the nation's treasures. But a copy was made in the reign of Philip II of Spain—which covered virtually the second half of the sixteenth century—and sent to the mother country, where it was consulted by the royal chroniclers. It was first published in Spain in 1632 by Friar Alonzo Remón of the order of La Merced. Other editions followed rapidly, and translations were made into many tongues—not less than two into English, French, and German, and some of these translations went into more than one edition.

Now the Spanish text and the translations—all of which were based thereon—were something of a hoax because of Father Remón's extensive perversion of the original. Just what motives operated in causing him not merely to suppress entire pages, to delete numerous passages, to alter others, to substitute one name for another, but even to add extensively from his own pen, is not fully known. Doubtless rivalries among the descendants of the various Conquistadores were still keen a century and a decade after the events chronicled, powerful family jealousies at court may have been involved, for the strife over overseas grants still continued—wrangles based in large measure upon the supposed contribution of each warrior to the enlargement of the King's domain in the New World. Be that as it may, the authentic story of Captain Díaz remained unknown to the world until that great Mexican scholar and bibliophile, Genaro García, secured permission to copy the original text and publish it. The first translation into English was made by A. P. Maudslay and published in 1908 by the Hakluyt Society in five volumes. The work was virtually unavailable for popular consumption. The present edition is a reprint in one volume omitting unnecessary passages and ending with the fall of Mexico City, whereas Díaz's narration continues with the march southward into Central America and the conquest of what is now Guatemala and Honduras.

Few indeed are the books that at one and the same time are historical source material and a thrilling yarn. As juvenile literature it is unexcelled. It is meaty for boys from twelve to eighty-four—that being the author's age at the time he wrote how he, in company of some six hundred men, had conquered Montezuma's empire and its millions of inhabitants. It is an authentic account of the greatest adventure of an epoch of epics.

ERNEST GRUENING

# Southwestern Poetry

*The Turquoise Trail: An Anthology of New Mexico Poetry.* Compiled by Alice Corbin Henderson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

EVEN an anthology is after all a book, and a book must have some principle of unity. Most anthologies of poetry, however, are little more than who's who's of the poets. They have no more internal unity, and only slightly more interest, than the city directory. Mrs. Henderson's collection goes a step farther—it has at least the unity of place. It tells one not merely who the poets are but where they are. At one time or another many of them have fled from the perpetual childish present tense of our great cities to the lunar buttes and mesas, the time-filled solitudes of New Mexico; to that marvelous region which is at once the wildest, the most serene, and the most anciently civilized province of America.

Obviously Mrs. Henderson's intention has been to cause New Mexico to emerge as a physical and cultural entity, through the responses of the poets who have lived there, however briefly. She has measurably succeeded; the book is more than the sum of its poems, and many of the poems are strikingly good. They were bound to be. In that taut desert equilibrium of brazen sky and thirsting sage-brush man's gestures are few and simple. Genuine artists can scarcely respond trivially or sentimentally to such a landscape; often the response is clear and profound.

"The Turquoise Trail" contains much distinguished work both by well-known poets and by others less known. John Galsworthy, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Kreymborg, Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, John Gould Fletcher, and D. H. Lawrence are all represented. The strength and substance of the volume are chiefly supplied, however, by the more permanent Santa Fe and Taos residents, such as Mary Austin, Yvor Winters, Haniel Long, Maurice Leseman, Witter Bynner, Arthur Davison Ficke, and Mrs. Henderson herself. It can scarcely be said that even they have possessed this soil, in the sense that the Indian aborigines and the Mexican villagers possess it. But what portion of America have we really possessed? Until America wearies of its mechanical toys, its sterile conquests, and turns inward for power, our artists will be cheated of maturity. Wistfully they sing the corn dances and the rain dances of older peoples who live in a more secure communion with older and truer gods; wistfully, and not very well.

In this sense, of course, the cult of the Indian is dangerous and disturbing. What is really disturbing, however, is the evidence of spiritual exile and homelessness within the hollow shell of our white civilization, and that, surely, is not the Indian's fault. New Mexico is at least a place where one can possess oneself, slough off the gratuitous social impediments of our obsessed extensiveness and acquisitiveness, and prosecute an independent search for permanent values. I do not think it does much harm to invoke the aid of the Indian gods; not much harm and not much good. Ultimately, when we have discovered our own images, we shall have to make our own gods—out of something better than spare radio parts: out of our own desperate and tragic need.

Two general comments suggest themselves: First that the alphabetic arrangement of contributors seems a mistake, resulting as it does in accidental sequences not always fortunate; second, that the idea of regional anthologies is a good one. Plato to the contrary, poets don't lie and vulgarize with as much facility, as, say, realtors or popular fiction writers. Given a chance, they will discover America to herself as fast as anybody; part by part and ultimately the whole.

JAMES RORTY

# Books in Brief

*Beauty and the Beast.* By Joseph Gordon Macleod. The Viking Press. $2.50.

A puzzling and occasionally brilliant piece of literary aesthetic by a young English critic. Much mumbo-jumbo about "Singular Form," "the Anthropomorph," and two strange abstractions known as "Beauty" and "the Beast" is compensated for by a number of illuminating analyses of individual books, such as "Bleak House," "Wuthering Heights," and "The Brothers Karamazov." The courageous reader who is willing to wrestle with Mr. Macleod's preposterous neo-Carlylean style will encounter a hundred interesting pronouncements on the formal technique of the novel and the drama.

*Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900.* By Gorham B. Munson. J. H. Sears and Company. $2.

Mr. Munson's subtitle is inexcusable. Only with great difficulty and artifice has he succeeded in endowing with superficial unity a collection of disparate literary essays. His book is valuable for its point of view rather than for the validity of its judgments. The conclusion that the dominant generation of American writers has signally failed and the suggestive and sympathetic appreciation of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More will interest the contemporary anti-romantics. They may, however, be alienated by Mr. Munson's pedantic concern with Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens and by his lyric laudation

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of figures whom one cannot yet appraise, such as Jean Toomer and Kenneth Burke. Their impatience will perhaps come to a head upon encountering Mr. Munson's nebulous mysticism, absorbed from A. R. Orage and Gurdjieff. The author's tentative conclusion that the way out for young American writers lies through an intent perusal of the "Mahabharata" adds a touch of unconscious humor to a rather consciously serious book.

*The Voyage of the Norman D., as told by the Cabin Boy.* By Barbara Newhall Follett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This latest book by Barbara Newhall Follett seriously indicts the ever growing tendency to exploit the publicity value of children's writing. Such a book has nothing of intrinsic beauty to captivate other children. Barbara is precocious, clever, facile, and at fourteen apparently far more interested in being a writer than in writing. Her sea trip is convincing as an effort at securing copy, not as the momentous personal experience it pretends to be. The book as a whole is self-conscious, insincere, studied in its effects, and this is chiefly because the author is not equipped for adventure; she has merely a sense of excitement.

*The Tale of Genji.* Part Four: *Blue Trousers.* By the Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

This instalment of a Japanese masterpiece in fiction brings the life of Prince Genji to its close. The book has kept up, and Mr. Waley as translator has kept up, amazingly well; readers of the three preceding volumes will want to have this one too, wherein strength and delicacy combine as before to make a rich, wise, and amusing tale.

Statius. *Silvae; Thebaid I-IV.* Translated by J. H. Mozley. Statius. *Thebaid V-XII; Achilleid.* Translated by J. H. Mozley. Seneca. *Moral Essays*, volume I. Translated by John W. Basore. Cicero. *De Re Publica; De Legibus.* Translated by C. W. Keyes. *The Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius*, volume III. Translated by J. C. Rolfe. Josephus. *The Jewish War;* Books IV-VII. Translated by H. St. J. Thackeray. *The Geography of Strabo*, volume V. Translated by H. L. Jones. Isocrates, volume I. Translated by George Norlin. St. Basil. *The Letters*, volume II. Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

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*History of American Foreign Relations.* By Louis M. Sears. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

Professor Sears has equipped his book with some of the apparatus of a textbook, and the teacher who uses it in the classroom will not need to add much to it in the way of lectures, but the book is quite as useful and interesting for other readers as it is for students, partly because it is well written, and partly because it offers a successful union of comprehensiveness and detail. It begins with the colonial period, when foreign relations, such as they were, were British rather than American, and comes down to the beginning of the Coolidge regime. Naturally, it does not contain anything really new, for the main subject-matter of American diplomacy, comparatively simple and direct, is pretty well known and has been worked over a good many times, but Professor Sears, who feels that the foreign relations of a country "constitute the highest challenge to the intelligence and good sense of the voter," and who would like to see Americans as much interested in the subject as enlightened Europeans commonly are, has performed very well the necessary task of selection and arrangement. What he has to say about American diplomatic relations since the Roosevelt period is judicious, and the connection between foreign policy and domestic politics is more or less systematically noted throughout.

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*Nicolo Machiavelli, the Florentine.* By Giusseppe Prezzolini. Translated from the Italian by Ralph Roeder. Brentano's. $3.50.

Prezzolini is an ebullient biographer. Although Machiavelli's life is an enigmatical, almost silent episode, the author rounds out a meager history with his own sympathetic imagination. Machiavelli emerges from the background of a Renaissance Italy of gifted, impious cutthroats. He is "born with his eyes open," has a laugh which is a chuckle; spends equally enjoyable evenings reading from heavy tomes or disporting himself with pot-wallopers and lovely though lively ladies. The humble Secretary to the Committee of Ten divorces public virtue from morals and always faces his world dispassionately and squarely. He closes his life poor and defeated by the very forces he so skilfully analyzed—an unmachiavellic figure. The style is startling. It is impressionistic, impertinent, cynical, and graphic. If belches and navels spell Rabelais, it is Rabelaisian enough. It should prove pleasant reading for those interested in a subjective study, who believe with Prezzolini that "even in scratching his itches a great man shows something peculiar and inimitable."

*Strenuous Italy. Solving a Perilous Problem.* By H. Nelson Gay. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $3.

Here is the Italian story with exactitude and with the earnestness of a ripe and interested mind, for Mr. Gay of Boston has lived long in the Palazzo Orisini in Rome. Mr. Gay dwells on Italy's past—showing that movements which culminated in Mussolini were not originated by him—and also on her future. He deprecates the tendency toward imperialism and the enlargement of the national property at the expense of other peoples, but he demands for his country of adoption the right to colonial expansion in Africa for the use of Italy's overflowing population. He charges that the unfairness of the Treaty of Versailles left Italy without her share of colonial mandates, though he does not dwell on the enlargement of her frontiers in the Adriatic. We are given the clearest theory of the rise of Fascism, its causes and its benefits, which we have yet seen. What is going to happen between the Church and the Fascisti is not within the range of Mr. Gay's conjectures, though to us who have in mind the latent power of the Hierarchy in Italy, and its growing influence here, this question would be of much interest. If Mr. Gay publishes a new edition it would much enlighten us to have his gloss on this question.

*The Indecisiveness of Modern War and other Essays.* By J. Holland Rose. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.25.

In these essays Professor J. Holland Rose justifies his new position as Harmsworth Professor of Naval History at Cambridge. His thesis is that modern inventions have brought naval warfare almost to a deadlock. It is more and more difficult to surprise the enemy fleet, owing to recent developments in scouting all air-craft, wireless, and submarine. In other words, science has reduced war to a dull and inconclusive occupation. An interesting chapter studies Admiral Duckworth's exposition to Constantinople in 1807. If the British war-dogs had known their history, they might have saved England from the disastrous venture of 1915.

*Great Britain and the Dominions.* The Harris Foundation Lectures. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Another volume of the Harris Foundation lectures, devoted to the British Empire. Of the seven lecturers, four are government officials and hence the point of view is usually innocuous. Sir Cecil Hurst has interesting articles on the British Empire as a political union, in which he successfully evades discussion of the real dilemma with which the British Empire is faced—namely, of choosing between unanimity, in which one Dominion having a population of a million may block any action of the Empire as a whole, and a policy of Dominion independence,


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which eventually means imperial disintegration. The chapter on South Africa by Eric Louw is a bit too cheerful in depicting the native situation.

*The Diaries of Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie.* Edited by Francis Bickley. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

Running from 1793 to 1819, these diaries are the work of a rather obscure Scots laird who nevertheless lived through an interesting period and left a full personal account of his relations to the society and politics of that period. For the most part he wrote well, and the present volumes, representing eleven manuscript volumes in all, will be welcomed by students of the time. The editing has been done with sprightliness, yet with care.

# Drama

## Behaviorism and Drama

IN ten brief, often nerve-racking, scenes Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal" (Plymouth Theater) tells the story of a woman who killed her husband with a bottle and went to the electric chair for the deed. Preliminary rumors had it that the play was based upon the Snyder case, and though the events which it recounts resemble those of that particular newspaper sensation no more than they resemble various others the story does seem, nevertheless, to come straight from the tabloids. It is told, not in the semi-realistic fashion of various recent high-speed melodramas like "Crime," but by means of the blinding flashes for which expressionism tries and, thanks to the laconic vividness of the method, it has that same air of being at once true and unbelievable which marks all accounts of the more extraordinary contemporary crimes; so that one leaves the theater exactly as one often puts down a newspaper—knowing that certain events have taken place and yet not believing that such things can be. One reads, for instance, that some quite ordinary people, exasperated by quite ordinary little irritations or inspired by quite ordinary little lusts, suddenly commit the most incredible deeds, but no patient unraveling of the whole story can discover any compulsions which seem adequate to account for them. One does not doubt, but neither does one understand. Facts are facts, but one does not know what to do with them or how they may be accepted. Whether they be told baldly as the police reporter tells them or artfully as Miss Treadwell sets them forth they remain essentially indigestible, not to be made a part of that rational world in which we seem to live. They shock and they bewilder but they remain, like a nightmare, haunting and yet unreal.

Most literature has been based upon the assumption that human actions are, in some measure, to be rationally accounted for; that great crimes are committed by great criminals under the influence of great passions, and that motive and deed are somehow commensurate. Thanks no doubt to literary influence we have come to accept this assumption, and because of it we believe that a great woman like Lady Macbeth could kill King Duncan for the sake of his crown much more deeply and really than we believe that vulgar little Ruth Snyder killed her husband for the love of a corset salesman, or that (to take the case of the present play) an ex-typist could kill her husband for reasons no deeper than those which are given—that he was a maddeningly commonplace man and that she had found a lover in a speak-easy. Yet the evidence of the tabloids is not to be denied. People do daily the things which "people don't do," and it is inevitable that this age, which may or may not produce great artists but which certainly has its crimes set down for it with a detailed accuracy never known before, should endeavor to utilize the facts in its possession, seeking by dramatic or fictional representation some means by which their meaning may be fathomed. It is this which Miss Treadwell attempts, and if she does not succeed she comes at least as near doing so as anyone else ever has.

Certainly the method which she adopts is the most suitable one yet devised. Most of the murderers whom the police courts know do not think or feel or act after the patterns which literature has created, and they are not understandable by the principles it recognizes. The most ruthless and rapid of new-style melodramas accepts too much of the literary convention to escape from the need to rationalize events which cannot be rationalized and to furnish adequate motive for deeds which in life are not adequately motivated. Any straight dramatization of the news falls back inevitably upon palpably unreal and purely conventional motives in its effort to fill in the background. Only the brief bare episodes which expressionism utilized can relieve the dramatist from the necessity of furnishing the rational explanation which it is impossible to furnish and allow him to give facts too immediate to demand explanation in their place. We know no more of Miss Treadwell's dramatis personae than we know of those individuals who are lifted suddenly from nowhere into the headlines. They have no definite past, no philosophy of life, no complex personalities. And instead of explanation we are given a series of scenes which offer no interpretation except that which is implicit in the fact that they are represented in a slightly distorted form which suggests that they are seen through the eyes of someone whose nerves are tense to the point of breaking. Our typist works in an office a little more maddeningly mechanical than most offices really are, her successful husband repeats his copybook maxims a little oftener than most successful husbands do, but that is about all. The thing simply happens—undeniably and yet incredibly.

The method of expressionism implies a behavioristic psychology. Instead of attempting to explain the conduct of its characters by exposing the rational processes of their minds it treats them as automata responding jerkily to the stimuli which impinge upon them, and if the results which it achieves are often extraordinarily vivid without ever being entirely satisfactory the fact may be an inevitable result of the method. Even behaviorism admits that to ourselves we *seem* to control our acts by conscious and reasoned process. Even if this be mere illusion it may still be that art cannot perform its functions without accepting the illusion as a reality, and certainly Miss Treadwell's play (which is at once impressive and unsatisfying) would seem to indicate as much.

Incidentally it should be remarked that the production which Arthur Hopkins has given it is an extraordinarily accomplished one. The gradual emergence of a blood-red glow out of the darkness in which the play ends serves almost magically to give a concluding touch which the dialogue lacks and is one of the most unobtrusively effective bit of stage technique seen here in a long time.

"Trapped" (National Theater) is a conventional melodrama strongly reminiscent of the ten-twenty-thirty. "The Great Power" (Ritz Theater) is a highly moral drama very earnestly produced by its author. The hero, a ruthless financier, has a dream in which he is summoned before God's tribunal and shown the error of his ways by means of a moving picture film. He wakes a better man.

"Ringside" (Broadhurst Theater) is a stirring prize-fight play apparently adapted from the movies, with a dull-witted boxer, a siren, and a sharper, and a sweet home girl. The best scene is that in which, with the curtain down and the theater dark, a loudspeaker blares forth a radio report of the fight.

"White Lilacs," a German operetta built about the loves of George Sand and Chopin, is a strange melange of overstuffed romanticism and lean cynicism. Odette Myrtil creates a George who, while a novelty to historians, is an ardent and convincing female.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# International Relations Section

## A Nation on Trial

THE following article on Poland's attempt to suppress the efforts of her White Russian residents to obtain autonomy was contributed by William Zukerman to the August issue of *Foreign Affairs* of London:

A trial has just ended in Europe, which for vastness, for the number of the accused, for the spectacularity of its staging, and for political significance surpasses anything that has ever been seen in a court of law in any country since the war. It was a trial not of an individual, not even of a group, but of a nation. Literally the entire intelligentsia of a people was in the dock. The nation on trial was the White Russian, and the country where this unique legal battle occurred was Poland; the specific place—a small courtroom in the city of Vilna. The defendants were fifty-six White Russian teachers, members of Parliament, editors, writers, and social workers. The trial lasted three months, although the court often sat until midnight. Four hundred witnesses were heard for the accusation and 600 for the defense, and the result was a total sentence of 161 years of imprisonment for thirty-nine of the accused. All this, however, was but one small instalment of the vast legal battle which is still going on. About a thousand more White Russians are now in Polish jails awaiting similar trials. The above-mentioned fifty-six were only the vanguard of a vastly bigger army which is still awaiting its fate.

The facts of this remarkable case are as follows:

By the Treaty of Riga Poland has received vast stretches of White Russian territory, extending from Brest-Litovsk to Baranovichi, with a total population of about three million White Russians. These people, Slav by race, are neither Russians nor Poles, but a distinct nationality, with a language, culture, and national aspirations of their own, which are very similar to those of the Poles themselves before the war. Their ultimate aim is the establishment of an autonomous White Russian state, embracing the territories which are now under Poland and Soviet Russia. At the present moment they strive only to the attainment of full national minority rights, which are their due, according to the national-minority clause of the Treaty of Versailles. This guarantees national schools in their own language, full unhampered representation in Parliament, and freedom from national discrimination. Unfortunately, this much-abused clause of the Versailles Treaty, as applied to the White Russians in Poland, is nothing more than another "scrap of paper." The White Russians are denied schools in their own language; they have no autonomous local government of their own, even in places where they are in a preponderant majority; the Polish language and culture are forced upon them; and, what is worse, a system of economic discrimination has been established, which cannot but lead to very dangerous complications.

This system is a kind of "plantation" of Poles in White Russian territory which can only be compared to the Cromwellian plantation in Ireland. Big tracts of White Russian soil are systematically given away to Polish ex-service men and officers, who are brought over from Poland for the special purpose of forming Polish islands in the White Russian sea, and thus eventually Polonizing the country. The evil of this system is a double one. It deprives the White Russian peasants of the land which they need badly, and by its system of Polonization it adds national danger and fear to the grave economic injury; together these form the background of the events which culminated in the remarkable scenes in the little courtroom of Vilna.

For a still better understanding of the situation, it is necessary to mention that that part of White Russia which is under the rule of Soviet Russia enjoys in full all the national and economic privileges which the same people are denied just across the frontier of Poland. Whether as a part of their political maneuvers, or of their philosophy, the Russian Soviet Government has granted the White Russians, Ukrainians, and, in fact, all minority nationalities within its borders a greater amount of national autonomy, both cultural and political, than any country in the world. It is a great pity that the bigger controversies over the Soviet economic policies have obscured this smaller issue to the world, for it is a fact that the grievous problem of national minorities is practically solved in Russia, and many a non-Communist state in Europe could greatly benefit from the Russian experience. White Russia, as well as Ukraine under the Soviets, is now culturally and politically to all intents and purposes as autonomous as Ireland and Canada are within the British Empire.

This contrast served but to accentuate the growing dissatisfaction of the White Russians in Poland, and, following a few futile attempts of obtaining relief by Parliamentary action, Polish White Russia became the scene of a primitive and dangerous peasant insurrectionary movement, which took the ancient form of burning big estates and of armed bandit raids upon rich landowners.

For a time it looked as if this dangerous conflagration would spread, and both White Russia and Poland would be involved in a bloody civil war. But this was avoided by the timely action of the White Russian intelligentsia, who, in July, 1926, formed the now famous White Russian Workers' and Peasant Hromada, which in White Russian means the crowd, the people, or the ancient peasant community. The new organization, it must be admitted, was extremely revolutionary in character and in its demands. It proclaimed (1) that the land must be given to the poor, landless White Russian peasants; (2) that the schools, courts, and local government in White Russia must be conducted in the White Russian language; (3) that the two parts of torn White Russia, under Poland and under Soviet Russia, must be united into one independent White Russian republic; (4) that all this must be accomplished by constitutional means.

In spite of these revolutionary demands, however, the Hromada was essentially a means of saving the people from bloody revolution and anarchy, rather than prompting them to it. At that time the Pilsudsky regime had just come into power (it was only two months after the Pilsudsky revolution), and the new Government, strengthened by the victory of the more Liberal forces in Polish society, did not object to the new movement, and even gave it the legal status of a political party.

The success that followed was phenomenal. Within a period of six months the Hromada had two thousand branches in Polish White Russia, with a membership of over a hundred thousand. Within a year the Hromada became the National Party of the White Russian people in Poland. It stopped the estate fires and the bandit raids, but it fired the imagination and the heart of the entire White Russian youth instead. But this phenomenal success has frightened the big Polish landowners in White Russia, and under their influence the Pilsudsky Government revoked the legal status of the Hromada. The dissolution of the Hromada was followed, in the small hours of January 15, by the arrest of four White Russian deputies in the Polish Sejm, together with most of the other leaders of the Hromada. Proclamations were spread throughout the country, declaring the party as illegal and adherence to it as treason to the state. Alongside with this declaration mass arrests of all the more active members of the Hromada began throughout White Russia. Over a thousand men, mostly teachers, professional men, and social workers, comprising practically the entire intellectual class of the White Russians, were arrested and incar-

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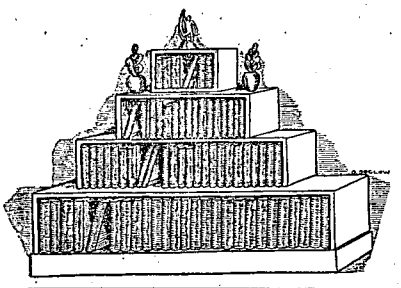

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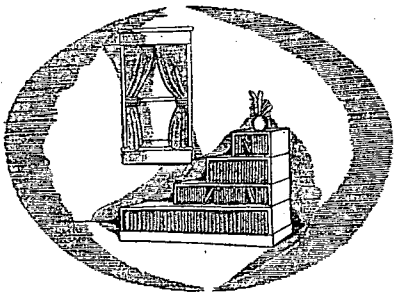

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cerated in various jails in Poland, where they are still awaiting trial. The present trial in Vilna, which has just been concluded, was the case of the first group of these people; the others are to follow.

The official accusation by the Government was that the Hromada under the guise of legal constitutional activity had conducted a revolutionary propaganda, with a view to seceding White Russia from Poland by force of arms, and uniting it with Soviet Russia. For this purpose, it was said, the party had received from Soviet Russia the sum of $15,000.

The defense denied all and every accusation of working in the interest of Soviet Russia. The accusation of having received the sum of $15,000 for fomenting a revolution in a vast country like that of White Russia, they declared, was in itself the best proof against the allegations. The defendants did not deny that they had striven and are still striving toward the establishment of an independent White Russian Republic, but such activity, they claimed, was neither morally nor legally wrong, as the Poles themselves were engaged in exactly the same activities a little over a decade ago.

The strongest point of the defense, however, was that even if their activity is illegal now, it became so only after the proclamation of the Polish Government on January 15. Prior to that the Hromada enjoyed the status of a legal organization, and the Government could not try them now for acts which were recognized as legal by itself. But the Vilna court overruled this strong point of the defense, and acted very harshly toward the accused. The four deputies were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment each. The other thirty-five defendants were sentenced to smaller terms aggregating in all 161 years. When the sentence was declared, the accused all broke out singing the White Russian national hymn "Ot Wjekoff my spali" (For centuries we have slept), which created a weird and powerful impression. The situation was so strongly reminiscent of Czarism that it could not but embarrass every intelligent, thinking Pole in the audience.

It must be said, however, to the honor of the Polish public opinion, that it has remained highly displeased with the sentence. The chief defender of the White Russians, the well-known Polish Sejm deputy, Shmianowsky, who is an influential member of the Government Party, resigned from his party immediately after the pronouncement of the sentence. Similar protests are heard in all Liberal quarters, and strong influence is being exercised to get the Government to revise the sentence or to pardon the prisoners altogether. The accused have now appealed to a higher court in Warsaw, and it is the prevalent opinion, or at least the hope, of all friends of peace that Warsaw will reverse the sentence of Vilna, and that a policy which can lead only to civil war will be avoided.

## Contributors to This Issue

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